

SEPTEMBER 17, 1984

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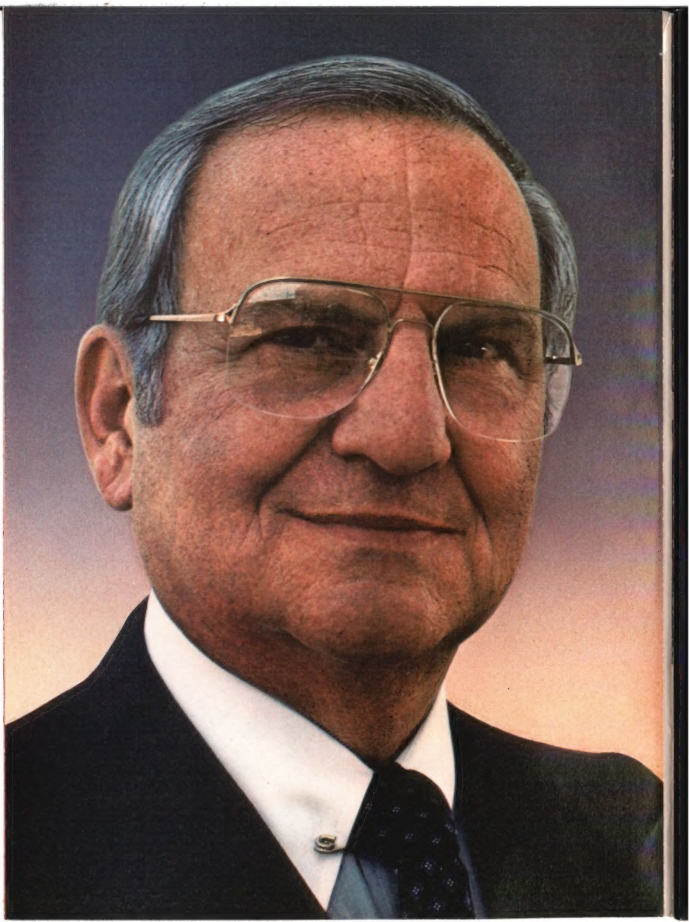
TIME

CHURCH AND STATE
Dominating the
Campaign
Kickoff

**CANADA
CHANGES
COURSE**

Prime Minister-Elect
Brian Mulroney





**“We have one
and only one
ambition.**

To be the best.

**What else
is there?”**

Lee H. Iacocca



PLAYERS GO PLACES



Easy going taste in
a low tar:
Regular and Menthol
Kings and 100s

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 14 mg "tar,"
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

COVER: Canada picks a new leader and braces for a slight shift to the right 36

In a landslide of Rocky Mountain proportions, Brian Mulroney's Conservatives win 211 of 282 parliamentary seats, ending a 16-year era dominated by Pierre Elliott Trudeau. A pragmatist who favors warmer relations with the U.S., Mulroney is expected to make his country more congenial to foreign investors and, he hopes, more prosperous for his countrymen. See **WORLD**.



NATION: As the campaign kicks into high gear, religion remains an issue 26

Reagan plays on patriotism and optimism while the Democrats despair over Mondale's slow and shaky start. ▶ Both candidates discuss the separation of church and state. ▶ Some theological views. ▶ Airborne cocoon: life on the campaign plane. ▶ A special prosecutor's report clears Ed Meese of any crimes but questions his ethical conduct.



WORLD: A frail Chernenko makes an appearance, and a top soldier exits 44

The Soviet leader, not seen in public since July 13, is shown on TV at a medal ceremony, looking frail. The next day, the military Chief of Staff is replaced without explanation. ▶ In East Germany, Party Boss Erich Honecker succumbs to Moscow's pressure and postpones his trip to West Germany. ▶ A pact between U.S. ally Morocco and U.S. enemy Libya leaves Washington fuming.



60 Space

In a lustrous debut, the shuttle *Discovery* unveils a 102-ft.-high solar-power sail and returns with a secret new drug.

74 Religion

The Communists are cracking down on unauthorized "house churches," centers of a major revival of Protestantism in China.

62 Law

A North Carolina case shows why the courts are cutting back testimony of witnesses hypnotized by police "Svengali squads."

78 Video

Crime fighters will be out in force this fall, as the networks resort to tried-and-true formats for the new season.

64 Economy & Business

Congress lowers the barriers for generic drugs. ▶ Nestlé plucks off Carnation. ▶ Unsnarling flight traffic at congested airports.

86 Books

Lady Antonia Fraser praises adventurous 17th century women in *The Weaker Vessel*. ▶ *Imaginary Magnitude* is comical sci-fi.

71 Living

When phones are installed on commercial airliners next month, passengers will be able to reach out and touch someone from 30,000 ft.

98 Sexes

Why do men interrupt and women talk so much on the phone? Ralph and Wanda discuss sexual differences in conversational styles.

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Cover:
Photograph by
Sal DiMarco Jr.



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A Letter from the Publisher

When TIME's editors decided to feature Canada's Brian Mulroney and the landslide victory of his Progressive Conservative Party on the magazine's cover this week, they did not have to look far for expertise on the subject. Three of TIME's former Canadian bureau chiefs are now based in New York City: Chief of Correspondents Richard Duncan (Ottawa, 1968-71), Deputy Chief William Mader (Ottawa, 1973-76) and Senior Editor Henry Muller (Vancouver, 1971-73). Their continuing interest in the U.S.'s northern neighbor helped give impetus to our full-length story on the state of Canada and its politics.

Part of the reporting assignment fell to another onetime Canadian bureau chief, Gavin Scott. He joined TIME as a correspondent in his home town of Montreal in 1959 and then served in Ottawa for 1½ years before moving on to Buenos Aires, Madrid, Boston, Beirut, Saigon and San Francisco. Scott's current beat is South America, which he covers from Rio de Janeiro, but he was on vacation in the village of Georgeville, Quebec, last month when it became apparent that Mulroney could win big. Scott quickly revved up and did some intensive pulse-taking of government officials, diplomats and back-room pols. Says Scott: "Working on the story revived some friendships with people across the country, some of whom I hadn't seen in 20 years. There are plenty of new faces in Ottawa, yet Canada's capital has a cozy familiarity about it. Sometimes no place is more interesting than your own front yard."



Gauger and Scott in Ottawa

Correspondent Marcia Gauger, who also reported the cover stories, visited Ottawa for the first time a year ago to cover the Conservative convention that elected Mulroney as party leader. During the eight weeks of this summer's campaign, she crisscrossed Canada to follow the major candidates. She picked up Liberal Prime Minister John Turner in British Columbia in July as he kicked off his campaign, then flew across Canada to catch up with Mulroney in his home town of Baie Comeau, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River. "It was windy and barren country," she says. "Even the pine trees were sparsely needled. We bused to Baie de la Trinité and visited a crab factory, where Mulroney chatted with the foreman and we reporters sampled the product. Delicious!"

Gauger had found it difficult to corner Mulroney for a long conversation, but on the flight back to Ottawa the day after his victory, the Prime Minister-elect granted the interview published with our story. Meanwhile, Associate Editor Jim Kelly flew to Montreal and Quebec to observe the campaign, and met Mulroney and his wife before sitting down to write the cover story. The result, overseen by Senior Editor Donald Morrison, is an analysis of what Canada's change of course means to that nation—and to the U.S.

John A. Meyers

Small colleges can help you make it big.

Just ask: Ronald Reagan, President of the United States, Eureka College, IL; Steve Bell, ABC News Correspondent/Anchorman, Central College, IA; Ray Cave, Managing Editor, TIME, St. John's College, MD; Margaret Heckler, U.S. Secretary of Health and Human Services, Albertus Magnus College, CT.

Some of our country's most successful people went to small

colleges you may not have heard of—colleges where size, faculty, and curriculum combined to give them the education, skills, and confidence to make it big in today's world.

A small college can help you make it big, too. To learn more about small independent colleges, write for our free booklet. Send your name and address to Council of Independent Colleges, Suite 320, One Dupont Circle, Washington, D.C. 20036.

A people out of Homer

The first European to see New Zealand was the Dutch explorer Abel Tasman on December 13, 1642. His men soon had a brush with other travelers who had arrived there long before: *Te Maori*—the Maori. These Polynesian migrants had by then nine centuries of history behind them on the two principal islands of New Zealand, and virtually every explorer who ever landed among them was astonished by the sophistication of their culture.

The Maori seemed a people out of Homer: gifted artists and builders, warriors of great tactical skill and high courage, farmers with a wealth of botanic and agricultural talent, astute and creative in politics as well. They were unique. So was their art: their sculpture, especially, is like nothing else on earth. And now, for the first time, a thousand years of Maori art is visiting the United States.

The works—considered "living treasures" by the Maori—are so revered that they have never before been permitted out of New Zealand. Some date from the archaic phase of Maori art, around the year 1000: ornaments of stone and ivory whose stark design is strikingly contemporary. From the middle age of Maori art come works from the master canoe-builders: prow and stern carvings that embody mythic heroes. The major share of work is from the Classic Age of the renowned Maori woodcarvers. One is an image of the war god, considered to be the actual dwelling of a guardian spirit brought to New Zealand by the Maori's first ancestors. Another, in a 13-foot gateway from Pukerua Fort, is the figure of the bastard child who became a legendary chief and peacemaker; its square-pupiled eyes of iridescent shell are said to see everything.

Americans who like to believe they've seen everything will now have a rare opportunity to complete their education. The exhibition of *Te Maori: Maori Art from New Zealand Collections* opens at the Metropolitan Museum in New York on September 11th; goes on to the St. Louis Art Museum in February 1985; and completes this American debut with a stand at The Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco, M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, opening next July. It was organized by The American Federation of Arts. Representatives from Maori tribes will begin each stand with ceremonies invoked to protect what they consider "the living embodiment of our ancestors."

Mobil has taken a large role in bringing *Te Maori* to the United States because we believe it will increase understanding and communication between U.S. citizens and the people of New Zealand. We've long been in business there, and Mobil Oil New Zealand is now constructing, on North Island—in partnership with the government and through the cooperation of Maori elders—the world's first large-scale plant to convert natural gas into gasoline by means of a unique Mobil catalytic.

The synthetic plant will make a major contribution to New Zealand's self-sufficiency in energy—just as this first appearance of *Te Maori* marks an incomparable accession to our country's knowledge of the world's great art.

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Letters

G.O.P. High Gear

To the Editors:

Ronald Reagan will win a second term because he has a positive view of the U.S. [NATION, Aug. 27] and Walter Mondale has a negative perspective. Mondale sees a nation that needs a handout, Reagan a country that is strong and building itself even stronger economically, militarily and morally.

Ralph Craig
Amherst, Mass.

Reagan has given us middle-income Americans what we so desperately need, a stable economy and renewed pride in our country.

Linda Gately
Jacksonville, Texas



It does not really matter whether Reagan spends six or 16 hours a day at his Oval Office desk. It has been said that the role of the leader is to inspire hope. And the President does that wherever he is.

Gail Finaro
Cerritos, Calif.

So now we have the coronation of a king blessed by the churches. I thought we got rid of that tradition during the American Revolution.

Morgan Thomas
Naples, Fla.

I loved your Technicolor cover of our current leading man and his understudy. You could have called it "Reagan & Bush II."

Leila Schueler
Augusta, Ga.

The article about the vital role Michael Deaver plays in Reagan's life makes me wonder. Do the American people realize they are voting for Deaver and Nancy to run the country?

Arthur Clark
New York City

Ronald Reagan advocates less Washington intervention in our lives, yet he

believes that the Government should legislate our attitudes on morality and religion. Never have I felt my rights as an individual so threatened.

Heather A. Graf
Norton, Mass.

Mondale should challenge Reagan to a debate without notes, cue cards, TelePrompTers or Nancy Reagan.

Harold Williams
Long Beach, Calif.

Your attempt to portray Reagan as a bumbling, inept "twinkly uncle" insults our intelligence.

Marilyn Hodes
Leawood, Kans.

To say that "macho Mexican-American men may resist the prospect of a female Vice President" is utterly ridiculous. That is stereotyping of the worst kind.

Frank M. Garza
Corpus Christi, Texas

De Lorean Verdict

By finding John De Lorean not guilty [NATION, Aug. 27], the jury let it be known that even in 1984, Americans do not want Big Brother watching them.

Ellen Barson
Hamden, Conn.

No matter how deceptive the FBI methods may have been, the fact remains: if De Lorean were a man of integrity, he would have said "Halt" the moment he realized the suitcase contained cocaine.

Roy E. Aycock
Norfolk

To acquit De Lorean is to emphasize that drugs are accepted by our society.

Joyce Munro
Encinitas, Calif.

In your otherwise excellent coverage of the De Lorean trial, you failed to mention how much the Government's malfeasance in this case will cost the long-suffering U.S. taxpayer.

Henry Kirkpatrick
Templeton, Calif.

Total expenses have not been tabulated, but the trial alone cost over \$1 million.

Spoken in Jest

I cannot get too excited about President Reagan's off-the-record comment about bombing the Soviet Union [PRESS, Aug. 27]. What I am excited about is the fact that Reporter Ann Devroy and the Gannett News Service went ahead and printed the remark. Knowing the seriousness of their action and knowing it was made in jest.

Art Johnston
Naples, Fla.

The remark may have been ill advised. Nevertheless, even the dullest-wit-

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Letters

ted reporter would have known that it was a joke and its publication could only create mischief.

Mary N. Hughes
San Benito, Texas

My wife and I were traveling in the Soviet Union when the bombing joke occurred. Tensions were high in the wake of the Leningrad incident, in which a U.S. serviceman was roughed up, and became appreciably higher after the President's remark. Had we been harmed, I would have held Devroy responsible, not Reagan.

Robert H. Wilbee
Las Cruces, N. Mex.

The remark by Reagan reveals the mentality behind his policies.

Bernard A. Nachbahr
Baltimore

"Like a madman who throws firebrands, arrows, and death, π the man who deceives his neighbor and says, 'I am only joking!'" *Proverbs 26:18-19*

The Rev. Frank S. Deming Jr.
Fort Morgan, Colo.

What would our reaction be if Konstantin Chernenko displayed a similar "sense of humor"?

K. Robert Wilhelm
New York City

Flawed Forecasts

As an economic consultant for the past 38 years, I am appalled at the damage my peers have done with their erroneous predictions (ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Aug. 27). The blame must lie with the schools of business administration and their brash M.B.A.s. Their ardent embrace of econometrics and the computer has caused them to abandon the philosophical concepts of economics. Business schools should re-examine their precepts before the dismal science disappears.

Joseph H. Ward
Seattle

If our economy were based on the free market at work, then economists could predict the future with a high degree of accuracy. But with the Federal Government's increasing influence in the private sector, the economist finds himself in the role of the middle linebacker trying to guess which play the quarterback (Paul Volcker) is going to run next. Under these conditions, 50% accuracy is not bad.

William H. Derbins
Metairie, La.

Meteorologists now forecast rain in terms of percentages instead of committing themselves one way or another. They have thus rid themselves of much ridicule and greatly improved their public image. Economists should do the same.

David E. Russell
Jacksonville, Fla.

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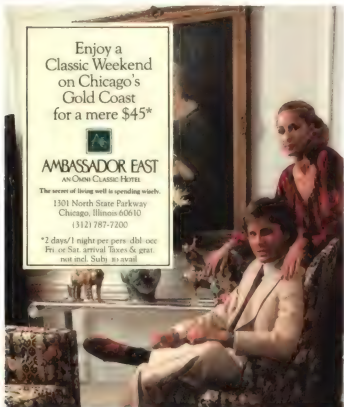


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Letters

Take-Charge Treasurer

Katherine Ortega's role as Treasurer of the U.S. is much more than "largely honorific" (INATION, Aug. 20). Ortega, the G.O.P. keynote speaker, is responsible for three major agencies within the Department of the Treasury: the U.S. Savings Bonds Division, the Bureau of Mint and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. She supervises more than 5,000 employees and manages a budget of some \$280 million. Under her supervision, holdings of U.S. savings bonds have risen nearly 11% to well over \$73 billion. Ortega is a decisive, take-charge leader.

*James R. Wynn, Director of Sales
U.S. Savings Bond Division
Department of the Treasury
Washington, D.C.*

Vacation Escape

Charles Krauthammer's article "Holiday: Living on a Return Ticket" (ESSAY, Aug. 27) is a sad commentary on our society. If we were not so self-indulgent and hedonistic, we would not be in need of vacations on which people immerse themselves in drugs, participate in wars or make moral judgments on other societies. A trip to the beach would probably suffice.

*Helen W. Joffe
Hamilton, Ohio*

Las Vegas Ladies

I was both delighted and dismayed by Jane O'Reilly's portrait of a Las Vegas ladies' room (AMERICAN SCENE, Aug. 27). The article was candid, catty and refreshingly re-enacted. However, the sanctity of the powder room has now been violated.

*Amy E. Miller
St. Robert, Mo.*

Thanks for the laughs. The performance in the Las Vegas ladies' rooms is better than some of the shows.

*Marilyn Small
Boulder City, Nev.*

Olympics' Last Mile

I felt proud when I read George Plimpton's account of the Haitian marathon runner Dieudonne Lamothe, who came in last (SPORT, Aug. 27). As a Haitian, I am accustomed to reading only bad reports about my people. Lamothe at least finished the race, which more than a quarter of the runners failed to do. After all, the point of the Games is to participate.

*Fritz J. Nau
New York City*

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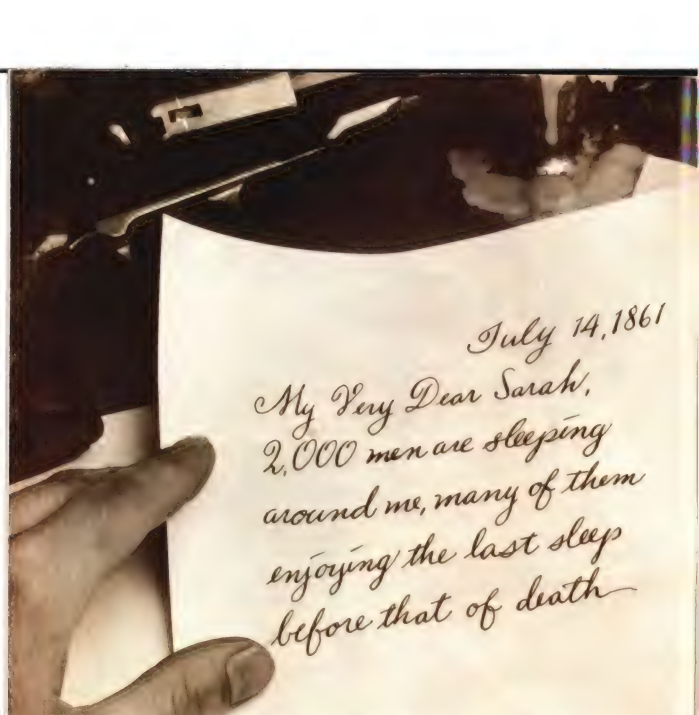
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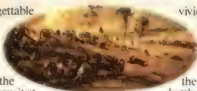
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American Scene

In New Hampshire: Looking Out for the Loons

The ancient and bruised Boston Whaler was coughing across one of the prettiest lakes in New Hampshire—Squam Lake, called Golden Pond in Henry Fonda's last picture—when a loon swam out of a birch-lined cove. "It has a chick," said Jeff Fair, slowing the boat and putting the glasses on the bird. "No, two chicks. One is riding on the adult's back." To Janis Minor, sitting in the bow, Jeff said, "You've got your work cut out. Go around and warn the homeowners."

Jeff is director of the Loon Preservation Committee of New Hampshire. Janis, who had checked the nest in this cove just an hour earlier, is a summer fieldworker. "They must have just been hatched," she said.

"They're hugging the shore line," said Jeff. "I think they've just come off the nest. Let's give them some peace." He idled the engine down while the loons swam around a point and out of sight. Just after the young are hatched, loons move operations from the nest to a brooding area. With the family removed, Fair and Minor crept slowly into the cove to inspect the floating nest, a nest the preservation committee had set out in the spring. It is more raft than nest, actually about 6 ft. square, framed with cedar logs, filled with sod and sedge. Loons nest naturally on land, where raccoons feast on loon eggs. Preservation committee = artificial floating nests = more loons.

Janis fished some sandwich bags from her pack, and Jeff began collecting pieces of eggshell, olive brown flecked with mocha spots, membrane gooey on the white inside. Somebody with a micrometer would check the specimens for thickness. In the days of DDT, the shells thinned dangerously, though not fatally. In the days of acid rain, one worries—without evidence, so far—that the shells

might thin. Suddenly there came a cry from off the lake. "Uh-oh," said Jeff. "We may have beat the old man to the nest. He doesn't know what's happened."

"I feel so bad," said Janis. "The bird sounds so distraught."

The thing dived, surfaced closer to the Whaler, gave a cry as if it were about to take flight on the sorry wings of its de-

spair. "This is something I never thought about," said Jeff, "disturbing the bird like this. She should answer back, but she's not, because she's protecting the chicks."

"I've never heard that kind of hooting before," said Janis.

"Let's go," said Jeff. And they did. They call themselves the loon rangers. They have counterparts in north-country states from Maine to Wisconsin. In New Hampshire in 1979, the three-year-old Loon Preservation Committee found that only 39 lakes were being used by nesting

tion has been stabilized. It is still listed as threatened, however.

The object of this concern has a history going back to the Paleocene epoch, before the saber-toothed tiger. Cree Indians called the bird *moakwa*, or spirit of northern waters. Ojibways called it *mang*, or the most handsome of birds. Crees heard its call as the anguish of a dead warrior denied entry to heaven. Chipewyans believed the cry was an omen of death. Norman and Ethel Thayer in *On Golden Pond* simply believed that the bird was welcoming them to their summer cottage and saying goodbye in the autumn. It is the Thayers of New England that Fair is trying to educate.

"One sign of our success is that we get chased out of a lot of areas," Jeff was saying one recent lovely day, chugging across Squam. On the shore grew black-eyed Susans and Queen Anne's lace. Raccoons came down for a drink. "People wave us off. They yell, 'There are loons in the area!' and I say, 'Yeah, I know. I work for them.'"

Jeff says there are three reasons why loons should be protected. "First, there is the biological argument: they are part of the ecosystem. Second, they are a litmus, a barometer; if they're gone, something is wrong. Third, they sound so neat at night."

Fair's sense of what is aesthetically correct comes into play when he talks of winters in northern New Hampshire after the summer crowds have gone. Too, he has a restless desire to move farther and farther north, as if he were just trying to get far enough ahead to get out of the way. "Whoever turned the first tire inside out, painted it white and used it for a planter," he grumbles, for example, "that guy ought to be shot." To each new recruit, he gives a copy of Ed-

ward Abbey's *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, a book about an engaging lot of good-hearted but anarchic-minded souls who would not picket an environmentally displeasing project so much as they would blow it up. "I like a little extremism once in a while," he says.

And yet the last time some ignorant out-of-state canoeists snatched a loon egg from its nest, took it to the marina on Squam Lake, along the way allowing it to



Director Fair, left, and Fieldworker Minor set out on a mission



A loon on Squam Lake: a nautical dream, an aeronautical nightmare

loons, a decrease of 50% over 50 years. The population had dropped from thousands to a few hundred. The reasons were people, crowding, motorboats. Jet Skis. In the past five years, through the efforts of people like Fair, who earned his master's degree in wildlife biology before signing on as director of the committee in 1981, and Minor, who would now warn all the nearby homeowners that loons with chicks were here, so go slow, the popula-

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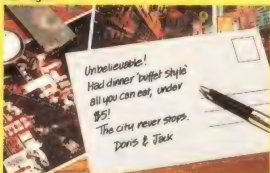
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cool enough to die, asked the marina operator what kind of turtle egg it was, were told, "My God, that's a loon egg!" and left the thing and fled. Fair did not pursue them with a vengeance. He tracked them down and explained the significance of what they had done. "I can't prosecute ignorance," he says. "I'm here to educate."

The fine for messing with loons can go as high as \$1,000 or a year in jail, or both, but Fair does not remember the maximum ever being imposed. Not long ago, a man shot one, thinking it was a merganser. Grieved when he discovered it was not, he took the carcass straightaway to the nearest fish-and-game officer and confessed. The man was so honest, so contrite, the officer let him go.

Not everyone in these parts is so considerate of wildlife. Riding down the back roads with Fair, one comes across some wounds. "Beavers used to live over there," the loon ranger says, pointing. "People would come out and kick the dams apart to let their children see the beavers rebuild." The beavers put up with this, Fair explains, until the surrounding population reached 250 families, and then the beavers took a powder.

At lunch in a remote village, a man named Ralph comes over to chide Fair. Ralph is a heavy contributor to the loon committee. "We had a loon around the dock yesterday," Ralph says. "I tried to hit it with a canoe paddle, but it got away."

"Yeah," says Jeff, "they're pretty fast." Later he allows, "You can't let the loon jokes bother you."

The birds themselves are funny though. John McPhee observed that a loon's "maximum air speed is 60 miles an hour, and his stall-out speed must be 59. Anyway, he scarcely slows up, apparently because he thinks he will fall." Big fat feet out behind them, they crash-land on their bellies, an avian comedy. On land, they flop along on their stomachs. When it rains, they mistake highways for lakes, come down like thunderbolts. People are always tending their abrasions and taking them back to ponds. To take off, they need as much as a quarter-mile of liquid runway, and no one can watch the spectacle without praying Godspeed—they have to try so hard. They are an aeronautical nightmare, a nautical dream—they are faster than fish, which they eat. Grown, they weigh up to 9 lbs. They sleep in the water. The only adjective that fits their call is haunting.

Soon the loons of the north country will begin to change color. All summer they have been got up gorgeously, like pool-hall hustlers. The back, a tessellation of white speckles on a canvas of black, will turn gray-brown. The jet-black head and bill will go dull gray, pale white. The neckbands—brilliant, symmetrical hash marks—will disappear. And so will the loons. Put a telescope on the beaches of North Carolina, or Florida, aim it out to the three-mile marker, near the sea lanes, and there the loons will be, riding the water low.

—By Gregory Jaynes

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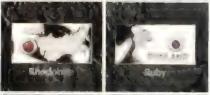
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Day in the sun: the President and Nancy Reagan wave to a Labor Day rally crowd of almost 50,000 at De Anza Community College in San Jose, Calif., as

TIME/SEPTEMBER 17, 1984

Smelling "the Big Kill"

The fall campaign kicks off with Reagan rolling and Mondale limping

CAMPAIGN



Open with the upbeat scene of Ronald Reagan standing tall in bright California sunshine before almost 50,000 true believers. Balloons float, flags wave, optimism abounds. "You ain't seen

nothing yet," declares the President. "Four more years!" the crowd roars. "You talked me into it!" chortles Reagan, pink cheeks glowing, head bobbing happily.

Cut to the downbeat shot of Walter Mondale and Running Mate Geraldine Ferraro trudging down New York City streets that are almost eerily empty. Smiles fixed, they wave energetically at no one in particular. CBS describes the Labor Day parade crowd as "puny." Poor timing is blamed: the 9 a.m. start on a holiday is too early for most New Yorkers. On to Merrill, Wis., where Congressman David Obey warms up the crowd by exclaiming, "When the sun comes out in Merrill, the Democrats are going to win!" Intermittent rain begins to fall. Mondale gamely pushes on to Long Beach, Calif.,

the sound system fails three times. Each time Mondale has to stop, and then must pretend to be emotionally worked up as he starts again. Few are moved.

To millions watching the evening news, such were the images of the traditional Labor Day launching of the 1984 traditional campaign. So stark were the contrasts between the two campaigns that they almost seemed contrived, a TV producer's artifice. They were not. Rarely has one candidate set out on the trail seeming so buoyant and secure, his challenger appearing so flat and snake-bit.

Beneath the hoopla and posturing lurk many serious and even critical issues, from arms control to tax reform. The newest is also one of the nation's oldest: the role religion should play in political and public affairs. Both candidates made major pronouncements last week. Mondale attacked Reagan for breaching the historic separation between church and state, while Reagan insisted that he did not seek to establish a national religion (see following story).

Yet it was mainly the contrasting im-

ages that provided the most indelible opening-week impressions: Reagan on a roll, Mondale limping along in search of the spark he so desperately needs in order to save his come-from-behind campaign. Though Reagan's lead in the polls, usually about 15 points, did not in itself seem insurmountable, there is a growing feeling among political insiders and pundits that unless Mondale finds a way of personally catching fire with voters, he is heading for political disaster.

Reagan's own advisers are hungrily eyeing what they call "the Big Kill," an overwhelming electoral mandate to carry through the Reagan Revolution. They believe that 1984 could be for the Republicans what 1936 was for the Democrats: the beginning of at least a decade of party dominance. They feel so confident that they plan to play it safe, to ride the current wave of economic prosperity and renewed patriotism. Reagan's speeches are full of phrases like "the surging spirit of boundless opportunity." His television ads, beginning this week, will be "soft"—evocations of the



the Republicans formally launch their campaign



Caught in the rain: Democratic Candidate Mondale and Rawning Mate Ferraro in Portland, Ore.

American spirit, not discussions of substantive issues Reagan himself will try to appear "presidential," to float above political acrimony. He does not even mention his opponent by name. Asked why not by reporters, Reagan loftily replied, "Why should I?" Though Reagan will not hesitate to turn on his opponent if pressed, Mondale bashing is for now left to Reagan's surrogates, principally Vice President George Bush.

Mondale's aides have long since given up hope of making their man telegenic. He is a buttoned-up Norwegian with a reedy voice who likes to say about himself, "What you see is what you get." But they were anxious for Mondale to "come out smoking" against Reagan last week, to pound away at issues that might puncture the personal popularity that is among the President's prime assets. In an unusual and revealing plea, House Speaker Tip O'Neill last week begged Mondale to stop allowing himself "to be punched around by Reagan," to "stop acting like a gentleman and come out fighting, to come out slugging." Mondale indeed tried to show the fire that earned him the name Fighting Fritz during the primaries. He stripped off his jacket, pulled down his tie and pounded on the lectern. Yet even when giving impassioned speeches in his shirtsleeves, he still appeared, particularly on television, to be stiff, mechanical and uninspiring. Despite his strong social conscience and heartfelt political convictions, Mondale often seems

incapable of conveying an aura of zeal or inspiring passion.

Last week Mondale doggedly chased after Reagan from Orange County in California to an American Legion convention in Salt Lake City to a B'nai B'rith meeting in Washington. He poked and prodded, looking for soft spots. To a group of grocery workers in Compton, Calif., he portrayed Reagan as the friend of the rich, and tried hard to show his own indignation. "I'm mad. I'm angry. I'm damn mad," he insisted, looking pained. But speaking in Cupertino, Calif., the day before, Reagan had simply scoffed at "that pack of pessimists roaming the land" and turned up his red-white-and-blue rhetoric. He was able to inspire the crowds with slogans and phrases that would sound hokey from others. "Let's make America great again and let the eagle soar," he told the fervent, flag-waving crowd.

The Mondale strategy is to force Reagan off his high road and into a debate on specific issues. Says Senior Adviser Richard Leone: "We want this race to be a toe-to-toe contest. We want to pin Reagan down. If we can't debate him, we want to stay as close to him as possible." Yet the era of good feeling that Reagan is riding partly reflects a public appreciation of his leadership in certain substantive areas of policy. Indeed, the contest will involve an unusually stark ideological clash over the course that Reagan has set and its chances for success in the future. The principal battlegrounds:

The Economy. With low inflation, a sustained though slowing recovery, and unemployment stable at a reduced rate of 7.5%, Reagan can rely on an incumbent's best defense: economic prosperity. He plans to deal with the one truly dark cloud, the deficit (projected at \$174 billion this year) largely by ignoring it. In his Labor Day opener in California, he never even mentioned the word. Asked about the deficit two days later by businessmen at the Economic Club of Chicago, the President blandly replied that economic growth would produce higher revenues. To restrain congressional spending, Reagan again advocated a constitutional amendment to require a balanced budget, even though he has yet to propose one of his own. Taxes, Reagan maintained, should be raised only as a "last resort." He left it to Treasury Secretary Donald Regan to claim last week that Mondale's plan to raise taxes would cost the average household more than \$1,500.

Such painless prosperity has obvious political appeal, but Reagan may not be able to finess the deficit issue forever. Mondale is continuing the attack he began at the Democratic Convention, where he charged that Reagan has a secret plan to raise taxes. As he declared in Wisconsin last week, "Whoever is elected, this budget must be squeezed and revenues restored. But the question is: Will it be done fairly? The question is: Who will pay?"

Pulling out charts and graphs at the Compton, Calif., gathering, Mondale

hammered home on the "fairness" issue, charging that the Administration's tax cuts are "tilted toward Mr. Reagan's rich friends." Using figures provided by the Washington-based Center on Budget and Policy Priorities and congressional sources, he showed that Reagan actually raised taxes 22% for those earning less than \$10,000 a year, while families making between \$20,000 and \$30,000 "stayed even." By contrast, those earning between \$100,000 and \$200,000 got an 8% tax cut, worth \$8,916 a year. Mondale promises to reveal next week a plan to reduce the deficit by two-thirds by 1989. But many political observers wonder whether he can be specific about spending cuts without offending the traditional Democratic constituencies.

Foreign Policy. On the stump last week Reagan harped on the sure-fire subject of patriotism. He touched on the Olympics, the successful military operation in Grenada, and even a new television series called *Call to Glory* about a brave Air Force colonel in the Kennedy era. To a wildly cheering packed house at the American Legion convention in Salt Lake City, Reagan echoed all the New Frontier chords: "We must continue our forward strategy for freedom... We Americans cannot turn our backs on what history has asked of us. Keeping alive the hope of human freedom is America's mission, and we cannot shrink from that task or falter in the call to duty."

Sensitive to concerns, particularly among women, that he is too belligerent in his foreign policy, Reagan has toned down some of his sharp anti-Communist rhetoric. Instead he let his running mate do it. To the "Aggie whoops" of 2,500 students at Texas A.&M. University last week, Bush accused Mondale of being soft on Communism in Nicaragua: "If you walk like a duck and you quack like a duck and you say you're a duck, you're a duck. They are Marxist-Leninists. They are not liberals, as Mondale says." (Bush later admitted that Mondale had actually used the word leftists.) Bush argued that in arms control the U.S. must "negotiate from strength," and he claimed that Mondale would "drastically cut military spending." (Mondale wants to reduce the rate of increase from Reagan's proposed 7% to between 4% and 5% a year.)

Mondale wants to make arms control a top campaign issue. Eyeing a Gallup poll that gives him a 47%-to-35% edge over Reagan on the question of who would do a better job of "keeping the country out of war," Mondale last week renewed his promise to seek a summit meeting with Soviet leaders to negotiate a nuclear freeze within six months of taking office. He has also advocated a pause in testing nuclear and space weapons. "Today strength is no longer enough," he



Hoopla: a hot-air balloon floats at a Labor Day rally
Said a buoyant Reagan: "You ain't seen nothing yet."

told the American Legion. "The atom bomb has changed all the rules. Sensible arms control is not weakness." The Legionnaires in the half-empty hall applauded tepidly.

Geraldine Ferraro is better able to rouse audiences on the "war-peace" issue by reminding them that as a mother she fears that Reagan will send her son, John, 20, off to war. Warm and spirited, Ferraro has the touch with crowds and the telegraphic appeal that Mondale sorely lacks. Her inexperience and lack of sophistication on foreign policy questions began to show through last week, however. Answering a Missouri high school student's question about when the U.S. would use nuclear weapons, she confused the concept of "first use" (which means resorting to nuclear weapons on the battlefield after conventional weapons have failed) with "first strike" (meaning an all-out preemptive nuclear attack to eliminate the enemy's ability to retaliate). Her aides hastily tried to explain to reporters that she had not heard the question correctly.

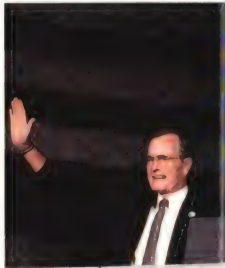
Leadership. The Reagan campaign likes to refer to Mondale as "Carter-Mondale," to taint him with the image of fecklessness that is associated with Jimmy Carter's term. Again, the hatchet work has been delegated to Bush. He pointedly told voters that a leading Democrat, Mondale's primary opponent Colorado Senator Gary Hart, referred to the Carter Administration's handling of the Iran hostage crisis as "our days of shame." Bush also swiped at Mondale as the tool of "special interests" who is "asking the working people to pay off his billion-dollar promises."

Mondale is reluctant to attack Reagan personally. But he does intimate that Reagan is a detached, even dangerous, Chief Executive who falls asleep in Cabinet meetings and makes light of bombing the Russians. Said Mondale to the American Legion: "He even jokes about nuclear war. It's not funny." When the Soviets negotiate arms control with Mondale, said Running Mate Ferraro, "they'll have to deal with a man who understands the world and knows what he is doing." Ferraro also contrasted Reagan's show-business past with Mondale's career in Government. "While Ronald Reagan was host of *Death Valley Days*, Fritz Mondale was trying to get Medicare passed for senior citizens," she told the Merrill, Wis., crowd.

Traditional Values. Reagan refers to the return to "family values" at almost every stop, and takes full credit for it. In Chicago he proclaimed an end to "something of a hedonistic heyday," and stated that "many of us turned away from the enduring values" of faith, hard work and family, "but it's passing; we've righted ourselves." Mondale also embraces family values, but defines them differently. Borrowing from New York Governor Mario Cuomo's much praised keynote address at the Democratic Convention, Mondale said that family means sharing and taking care of the weak and sick.

With some skill, Mondale has used the family issue to turn around attacks on him as an avatar of Big Government. He says that the more sinister threat of Big Brother comes from the Republicans' moral agenda—legislation to ban abortion and permit prayer in schools. "I want a future where Government watches out for you, not over you," he said.

On the stump: Bush with Seymour, the pelican mascot



The question on each of these issues is: How well will they serve to attract crucial swing voters? Each side can fairly well count on its core constituency: for Mondale, minorities, the poor, organized labor; for Reagan, religious fundamentalists, the well-to-do and conservatives of every stripe. The real battle is for the middle, in particular two key groups: the blue-collar middle class and the smaller but influential core of young professionals sometimes called Yuppies.

Mondale pursues the blue-collar middle class with his charts and graphs showing that the rich directly benefited the most from the Reagan tax cuts. "We've got to force them to figure out who's on their side," says a Mondale aide. "They must ask the question: Who cares about people like you? Despite his statements, Mr. Reagan has provided them with no tax relief."

Reagan has, however, given them at least the hope of economic prosperity. Particularly in times of prosperity and secure employment, most people in the middle class tend to associate themselves with those higher on the economic ladder, not those lower. Middle-class parents want to believe that their children will do better. Furthermore, many of the old blue-collar class are now more accurately called the subprofessional white-collar class, working in offices and not on assembly lines. Unlike their parents, they no longer identify with organized labor and traditional Democratic issues. They are more worried about higher taxes and crime than programs to create jobs or help welfare mothers.

This upward identification is doubly strong with the Yuppies. Mondale's share-the-wealth rhetoric is not all that



Pondering strategy: Mondale and Adviser John Reilly
"Come out fighting, come out slugging," said O'Neill.

enticing to those with visions of BMWs dancing in their heads. Reagan, on the other hand, courts them with lines like "we believe in high tech, not high taxes."

Though conservative on some economic issues, Yuppies tend to be liberal on social issues; many are put off by the demand for organized school prayer or by crusades to ban abortion. Reagan has to be careful not to sound like a hectoring maiden aunt. Ever so slightly, he has modulated his message: last week, for instance, he spoke not about a "return to" but rather a "rebirth of" traditional values. Similarly, Reagan does not advertise his opposition to abortion, mentioning the issue only rarely.

Historically, most voters do not think of themselves as Republicans. Less than a third use the label in most surveys, compared with the more than 40% who identify themselves as Democrats. But Reagan has been able to cut across party lines. He is not a member of the old Republican Establishment—indeed, he ran against it in 1976—and he rarely uses the G.O.P. label on himself. Says an adviser: "You cannot get a lot of Democrats to become regular Republicans. But you can interest them in 'America's party' or 'the Grand Opportunity Party.'" Reagan regularly invokes the names of popular Democrats, including Franklin Roosevelt, John Kennedy and the late Senator Henry Jackson of Washington, a leading military hawk. So broad is Reagan's reach that he even plans to honor Mondale's liberal mentor, Hubert Humphrey, by presenting a congressional commemorative medal to Humphrey's family at the White House this week.

Though Reagan's natural base is in the South and West, he plans to take his case into traditional Democratic strongholds this fall, particularly blue-collar areas. His advisers expect him to spend up to three-quarters of his time in the next few weeks in the Northeast and Midwest. The reason: they want not only to win but to triumph in a nationwide landslide of the kind that swept the Tories into power in Canada.

The Reaganauts' optimism is matched by Democratic foreboding. "Mondale's campaign is getting into a position where only public drooling by Reagan will get them back into it," says a former aide to Gary Hart's campaign. "It's not hopeless, but that's the way it's heading." His views are privately shared by many Democratic leaders.

Democrats cling to a few wild cards. Although the choice of Ferraro as running mate does not seem to have helped Mondale much in the polls, it may have stemmed further erosion. Many reporters watching Ferraro on the stump feel that the excitement she generates at almost every stop may translate into an unexpectedly large number of votes for the ticket in November,

particularly among the Yuppies. Hispe was an impromptu rally last week in a hotel lobby in conservative Spokane, Wash.; it was so jammed that the fire marshal had to turn away 300 to 500 people, but most waited around for 40 minutes just for a glimpse of Ferraro.

The hubbub may be only curiosity-seeking, but it contrasts sharply with the lack of spirit that greets Mondale on the road. When the two travel together as they did last week, Ferraro usually speaks first. When Mondale comes to the podium, the crowd often starts to thin out.

Hard as he tries, Mondale simply cannot engage an audience. But his problems run deeper than a poor speaking voice and stiff manner. It is not surprising that most people would rather hear Reagan's good tidings than Mondale's jeremiads. Mondale's empathy with the poor is noble but out of sync with the popular mood.

Most important, Reagan is able to convey a simple, powerful vision of America. Mondale cannot. He is a retail politician, familiar with the back room and able to appeal to interest groups by intimately understanding their issues and voicing their concerns. After two long and exhausting years campaigning for the presidency, Mondale still has not shaped an overarching theme or articulated an inspiring vision that could spark zeal among those who agree with him on specific issues. With only eight weeks left before the election, he must soon begin kindling some fires. —By Evan Thomas. Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Lawrence L. Barrett with Reagan

of the New Orleans World's Fair



God and the Ballot Box

Each candidate makes his case on church and state



"What I am doing here today is something that, in 25 years of public life, I never thought I would do: I have never before had to defend my faith in a political campaign."

—Walter Mondale

"The ideals of our country leave no room whatsoever for intolerance, anti-Semitism or bigotry of any kind—none."

—Ronald Reagan

Just three hours apart last Thursday morning at the cavernous Sheraton Washington Hotel, site of the international convention of the Jewish service organization B'nai B'rith, first Walter Mondale and then Ronald Reagan trooped to the podium to speak on the hottest issue to develop so far in the political campaign—not war or taxes or the deficit, but rather the proper relationship between politics and religion.

It was a debate of an emotional intensity that neither side had anticipated, and it worried both candidates, since neither could predict its ultimate political impact. Having boiled up during and immediately after the Republican Convention, particularly in remarks in which Reagan asserted that religion and politics are "necessarily related" and characterized opponents of his school-prayer amendment as "intolerant of religion," the issue did not subside last week. Indeed, it intensified and widened, involving politicians and pundits across the nation, including a full range of religious spokesmen. But most of all, it provided a theme that for once found Reagan backpedaling to preserve his credibility with mainstream Americans, while Mondale was able to take the offensive with a thoughtful and hard-hitting attack.

"No President," Mondale told the B'nai B'rith delegates, "should attempt to transform policy debates into theological disputes. He must not let it be thought that political dissent from him is un-Christian. And he must not cast opposition to his programs as opposition to America." He took issue with a letter addressed to Christian leaders by Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, a close friend of the President's and chairman of his re-election campaign. The letter, Mondale said, "had defined Mr. Reagan's supporters as 'leaders under God's authority.'" There was laughter and applause as Mondale wryly noted: "Most

Americans would be surprised to learn that God is a Republican."

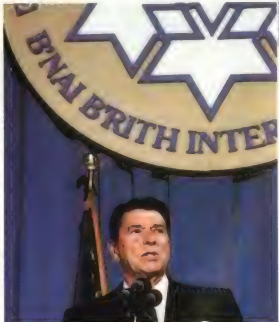
Mondale portrayed the Laxalt letter as part of a pattern of "moral McCarthyism," instigated by "an extreme fringe poised to capture the Republican Party and tear it from its roots in Lincoln"—with Reagan's encouragement. "Listen to Jerry Falwell," he urged his audience, "whose benediction at the Republican Convention called Mr. Reagan and Mr. Bush 'God's instruments for rebuilding America.' Or read the so-called Christian Voice report card, which flunks Geraldine Ferraro on 'moral/family issues' be-

fenders against those who care only for the interests of the state. His clear implication was that he welcomed such a role for himself. The Queen of England, where state religion is established, is called the Defender of the Faith. But the President of the United States is the defender of the Constitution, which defends all faiths."

Mondale appeared tired and read his 25-min. speech in a lackluster singsong. ("The speech was typed better than it was read," groaned one of his supporters.) Nevertheless, the force and eloquence of the language prompted his obviously sympathetic audience to interrupt him with 24 ovations. The speech struck hard and often at Reagan's remark about intolerance. "B'nai B'rith is opposed to Mr. Reagan's [school-prayer] amendment; I would not call you intolerant of religion," said Mondale. "Baptists, Episcopalians,

Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans and other church groups also oppose his amendment. And they are also not intolerant of religion. . . . Instead of construing dissent from him in good faith, Mr. Reagan has insulted the motives of those who disagree with him—including me."

Mondale had decided to confront Reagan's blend of politics and religion after becoming angered by the Laxalt letter and the partisan appeal to religious value that he saw as he watched the Republican Convention on television from his home in North Oaks, Minn. He asked about two dozen scholars and theologians to contribute ideas for a speech on the subject, and he conferred by telephone with New York Governor Mario Cuomo, a Roman Catholic who has done much soul searching on church-state issues. In daily sessions with Chief Speechwriter Martin Kaplan, Mondale reviewed ten drafts before he was satisfied with the speech as a definitive statement of his position and a sufficiently strong challenge to Reagan. As one senior aide put it, "He decided to lay down his



At the B'nai B'rith meeting, Reagan sounded like a civil libertarian

"Every single American is free to choose his or her own religion."

cause the supports the nuclear freeze. Or scan something called the Presidential Biblical Scoreboard, which as much as brands me antifamily and un-Christian." And he cited one other example: "It is troubling that the Rev. Jimmy Swaggart, who insists that Catholicism is a 'false religion,' and that Jews are damned to go to hell, is a welcome policy adviser at the White House."

Reminding his audience that he was a minister's son and that his father-in-law is also a minister, Mondale said: "I have never thought it proper for political leaders to use religion to partisan advantage by advertising their own faith and questioning their opponent's. But the issue must be joined. Religion, Mr. Reagan told a prayer breakfast in Dallas, needs de-

marker."

It was a marker that Reagan loftily ignored when he moved to the same B'nai B'rith podium. Seeking to appear above the battle, the President devoted half of his address to his record, emphasizing improvements in the economy, support for Israel and heightened respect for the U.S. among other nations. He spoke of a "new spiritual awareness" in the U.S., saying, "As we welcome this rebirth of faith, we must even more fervently attack ugly intolerance. We have no place for haters in America." He added: "As Americans of different religions find new meaningfulness in their beliefs, we do so together—returning together to the bedrock values of family, hard work and faith in the same loving and almighty God."

Then, turning briefly to the question of church and state, Reagan voiced sentiments that would please any civil libertarian: "The unique thing about America is a wall in our Constitution separating church and state. It guarantees there will never be a state religion in this land, but at the same time it makes sure that every single American is free to choose and practice his or her religious beliefs or to choose no religion at all. Their rights shall not be questioned or violated by the state." There was no reference to the school-prayer amendment, nor did Reagan once mention Walter Mondale.

It was quite a contrast to the speech that ignited the debate, which Reagan had given at a prayer breakfast for 17,000 evangelical ministers in Dallas on the day after the Republican Convention. There Reagan had seemed to challenge the motives—and even the religious faith—of opponents of his school-prayer amendment. As he put it, "Those who are attacking religion claim they are doing it in the name of tolerance, freedom and open-mindedness. Question: Isn't the real truth that they are intolerant of religion? They refuse to tolerate its importance in our lives."

That speech was in keeping with Reagan's longstanding authorship of the well-organized Christian Fundamentalists and Moral Majority types. On every major issue, including school prayer and abortion, Reagan has sided with these groups and shown a willingness to use Government authority to impose sectarian views on the population at large.

Coming as it did on the heels of Laxalt's letter and the appearance at the Republican Convention of the Rev. Jerry Falwell, founder of the Moral Majority, the prayer-breakfast speech stirred an outburst of anti-Reagan sentiment from editorial writers and columnists, including both conservatives and liberals. Anxious to undo the damage last week, Reagan at first sought an oft-used political refuge, claiming that his talk in Dallas had been poorly reported. When journalists asked him about the fuss over his religious remarks, he offered an aw-shucks response: "Well, I was only talking about it because I was speaking at a prayer breakfast, and then what I said was greatly distorted..." But he declined to argue the case in detail. When asked how the distortion had occurred, he replied: "I guess it just lost something in translation."

The President next attempted to sopel the issue in a speech on Tuesday to the national convention of the American Legion in Salt Lake City. There he voiced a more traditional defense of the separation of religion from Government mandated by the Constitution, acknowledging that the nation's founding fathers had

erected "a wall in the Constitution separating church and state." Curiously, though, the President repeated his earlier argument that some unidentified people were hiding antireligious sentiments behind that constitutional wall. Said he: "I can't think of anyone who favors the Government establishing a religion in this country. I know I don't. But what some would do is to twist the concept of freedom of religion to mean 'freedom against religion.'" That muddied the waters again, since it was by no means clear just how freedom causes religious problems that Government should redress: the usual reading of the First Amendment is that Government and the President are supposed to be officially neutral about religion, neither aiding nor hindering it.

While Reagan grappled with such theoretical concepts, it was left to Vice President George Bush to launch a partisan counterattack to Mondale's criticism

Dallas speech, members of the group nevertheless phrased their joint statement in nonpartisan terms: "The state should not behave as if it were a church or synagogue. It should not do for citizens what, in their rightful free exercise of religion, they are perfectly capable of doing for themselves. For Government to intrude itself into religious practices, or to seek to impose certain beliefs or values on citizens who do not share them, is a clear and present danger to Americans of all faiths. The state should be neutral, not partisan, in matters religious." The interfaith group urged politicians above all "to oppose any and all efforts, whether direct or subtle, to tamper with the First Amendment."

As if to underscore just how complex the religious crosscurrents in the campaign are, Boston Archbishop Bernard F. Law stepped into the fray last week, saying abortion is "the critical issue of the moment." He announced that 17 New England bishops had joined with him to proclaim "irresponsible" the view (taken by Democrats Ferraro and Cuomo, among others) that officeholders should not impose on others their personal opposition to abortion. Said the statement: "To evade this issue of abortion under the pretext that it is a matter pertaining exclusively to private morality is obviously illogical." New York Archbishop John J. O'Connor had voiced similar views last month, but softened them somewhat after being challenged by Governor Cuomo. This week Cuomo is scheduled to give a long-planned address on abortion and other church-state issues at Notre Dame.

After listening to both candidates, B'nai B'rith delegates voted unanimously to oppose all forms of organized prayer in high schools, and called on Government to be "neutral" in religious matters. In an obvious swipe at Laxalt's letter, the resolution also voiced "opposition to attempts to claim 'God's authority' in campaigns for political office." Many of the delegates contended that Reagan had stirred new fears at least among Jews, who, as members of a religious minority, are extremely sensitive to the possibility of Government interference in religion.

Fearful lest they further inflame divisive sectarian passions, aides to Mondale and Reagan said last week that the candidates were hoping to turn their campaigns back from the brink of religious division. But, as both men pointed out, Americans just now seem to be searching with deep urgency for stable values and deeper meanings to their lives. That stirring could prove emotional enough to keep matters of faith at the forefront of the 1984 campaign.

—By Kenneth M. Piarce,
Reported by Kenneth W. Barta/New York and
Hays Gorey/Washington



... while Mondale charged he insulted the motives of opponents
"Debates should not be transformed into theological disputes."

of the President. Said he: "I would say to Mr. Mondale, 'When you were serving with Jimmy Carter, a Fundamentalist Baptist, a man of deep convictions, I never heard this criticism. I don't recall, Mr. Mondale, your criticizing the National Council of Churches when they involved themselves, usually on the liberal side of most of these concerns.' This is a born-again concern of Mr. Mondale's. I don't think it's fair."

Throughout the week, the debate reverberated widely. In New York City an interfaith group of national religious leaders called a news conference to decry the "serious erosion" they detected in the principle of church-state separation. Disturbed for months by the school-prayer discussion and then alarmed by Reagan's

Voices of Reason, Voices of Faith

The disagreements are both subtle and significant

CAMPAIGN



As the debate deepened last week over the proper relation between religion and politics, TIME invited a number of religious leaders and scholars to offer their reflections on the issue. All were asked just how the wall of separation between church and state should be defined, and whether they viewed the current campaign controversy as salutary or harmful. Among the responses:

HARVEY COX, professor at the Harvard Divinity School, Baptist minister and author of *The Secular City*:

The contribution of religiously committed people to the public arena should not be viewed as a nuisance or a threat. It is a potential source of energy and enlivening of the discussion of public issues. Religion has had an influence on political life in the U.S. from the beginning. Sometimes it has been a positive and constructive one, sometimes negative and destructive, but it has always been there, and the idea that it should not be seems rather idle. We have to realize that in the past couple of years one of the major new actors in public political discourse has been the black churches. Jesse Jackson's campaign is simply not comprehensible unless it is seen as the voice of the religious traditions and values arising from the black church, especially the concern for the poor and the marginal of our society, which is a very biblical message.

Although I disagree with the fundamentalists and evangelical preachers on almost everything, I welcome their participation in the larger political discourse. It is healthy that they are there. If Walter Mondale wants to disagree with Jerry Falwell or Jimmy Swaggart, that's fine. He has a right to do that, and when they begin making political statements they open themselves to that kind of criticism. It is very precarious for religious leaders to back a particular candidate, because their credibility as religious leaders is at a somewhat more basic level, formulating moral principles. But that is a matter of prudence.

The waiver I want to introduce is that people have very strong feelings about religious convictions. Therefore when we enter into a debate like the one we are now having, there is a special responsibility for restraint, for civility, for affirming the right of the other person to have a position that differs from yours and to avoid accusing



PHOTOGRAPH BY

people of being in bad faith. Religious spokesmen have a responsibility to remember that overheating the conversation is not going to contribute to what any of us want. But an elected official has the most sensitive kind of responsibility for nurturing the diversity that is the most remarkable thing about American religious life.

THE REV. RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS, Lutheran pastor and director of the Center on Religion and Society:

It is important to make a distinction between religiously based values in the public square, and the role of institutional religion. What is properly thought of in legal terms as Jefferson's "separation of church and state" deals with the role of institutional religion in the public arena. Unfortunately, in the past several decades, a new and unhealthy situation developed, where it was assumed by many people that the separation of church and state meant the exclusion of religiously grounded values from the public arena. Now the religious New Right has kicked a trip wire, alerting us to the fictional character of a proposition that many Americans have been bamboozled into accepting; namely, that this is a secular society.

The religious New Right has shocked the cultural elites of America, because the elites assumed that "those people" had been thoroughly dismissed and discredited, going back as far as the Scopes trial of 1925, the so-called monkey trial. But beginning after World War II, with the emergence of the neo-evangelicals, those people have come back from the wilderness to which they had been consigned by the educational, media and mainline religious leadership.

We can do one of three things in response. We can say, O.K., let's have religion in the public square, and embark on head-on clashes and open-ended religious warfare. That would be disastrous for American society. The second thing is send all those people back to the wilderness. That, I think, is not possible. The third possibility, and this is the work of many years ahead, will come from recognizing that America lacks a coherent, morally grounded public philosophy. We do not have the vocabulary to debate moral issues in the public square. This could be severely damaging, if not fatal, to the American democratic experiment. The present confusion, however, can turn out to be a watershed moment in American political and cultural life if we begin to reconstruct a public philosophy.



PHOTOGRAPH BY

one that is responsible to, and in conversation with, the religious-based values of the American people.

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET, professor of political science and sociology at Stanford University:

The U.S. is the most religious country in the world. Some 95% to 98% of Americans say they believe in God. In most European countries it is less than half that. One of the explanations is precisely the separation of church and state. Churches must go out and recruit their membership. With state support, a religion doesn't have to work to maintain itself.

All of this has never meant that religious people do not take part in politics. The abolitionist movement was very much a religious movement. So, too, were the prohibition and anti-gambling movements, as were the anti-Catholic nativist movements of the 19th and early 20th centuries. We have issues dealing with civil rights, war and peace, abortion, homosexuality, crime. All of these are seen by some religious people as reflecting religious beliefs.

So having religious people foster political views is not new. If you take the view that abortion is murder, you can't expect that not to be expressed in the political arena. People have a right, and a moral obligation, to push what they believe to be true. If one uses religious arguments, one has a right to do that, just as one has a right to oppose them. It may be dangerous for the nature of the (church-state) debate, but I don't see how you can stop it.



RABBI ALEXANDER M. SCHINDLER, New York City, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations:

Our understanding as Jews of what the First Amendment is all about is that the state does not in any sense favor one religion above others. That does not mean church groups should not be involved in the political process or should not compete in the marketplace of ideas. American Jews have always claimed that right and exercised it forcefully. But when the state begins the process of favoring one religion, the wall of separation is broken.

At the Republican Convention, fundamentalist ministers were conspicuous. There was the letter by Senator Laxalt, suggesting that God wants Americans to vote Republican and that the Christian thing to do is re-elect Ronald Reagan. The President himself suggested as much. It all amounts to saying that what is desirable is the establishment of a Christian religion. What made matters worse was the implicit assertion that these views alone are true and have God's blessing, and that those who oppose them are not just mis-



guided, but sinful, intolerant and unpatriotic as well.

This issue is a crucial one for the Jewish community, and transcends partisan considerations. For we Jews are not just a minority in this country,

we are a minority with a history. We suffered greatly in our wanderings across the globe. We were subject to continuous exile, religious conversion, economic appropriations, legal persecutions, anti-Jewish riots and genocide. These were the hazards faced by our people as they traveled the world. But they are hazards that are utterly absent from the American landscape. The reason is the principle of separation. In all other countries, there was a state religion. Here, there is none. This explains the unanimity and the fervor with which we uphold this principle, and wish to maintain it inviolate. Anything that attacks it may in itself not seem like a great matter—What's a crêche paid for with public funds? one might ask. But add them all together, and you begin to see the erosion of the wall that in our judgment is the cornerstone of liberties in America.

JESUIT FATHER JOSEPH O'HARE, former editor of America magazine and newly installed president of Fordham University:

The important distinction is not between public policy and private religious beliefs. You can't have politicians who are schizophrenic. I think the line that must be drawn is between what one believes are moral and human values that should be protected by the law, and the very particular judgment that has to be made about what is the best kind of law, given the social realities of our society. On abortion, for example, one must consider the fact that there are many people who will try to have abortions even if they are declared illegal, that the matter is seen by different groups as an extremely important exercise of their personal rights. The judgment about what is the right law is a judgment on which good people, who share opposition to abortion, can disagree.

I think our religious leaders should enunciate the values and clarify the moral principles involved in public policy issues. But when they get down to the question of particular laws and candidates, our religious leaders would do well—as certain of our Catholic bishops are doing—to say they do not support any specific legislation or candidate.

The President—and nearly everyone else in politics in this debate—has expressed himself poorly. By some of the things he said when he spoke in Dallas, he seemed to suggest that those who oppose prayer in the schools are being intolerant of religion. That kind of argu-



ing is very dangerous. My quarrel with the new religious Right is that they do not simply want to disagree with their opponents, they want to excommunicate them. The idea that there is one Christian position on issues like prayer in the schools violates the rules of debate in a pluralistic society. At the same time, while I understand how much the Jews have suffered from established religion, I think they are being overly cautious about attempts to accommodate religion generally. I am opposed to compulsory prayer in the schools, for example, but I think the idea of giving different religious groups access to school facilities should not be dismissed out of hand.

CLAIRE RANDALL, general secretary of the National Council of Churches:

As I understand church and state separation, it does not say that religious bodies or people of belief cannot articulate their own convictions as they relate to societal issues. There has long been an understanding in this country that they not only can, they should. The difficulty comes when those ideas put forward by religious groups become narrow, sectarian views. Certainly, you can put such ideas before the rest of the society and say, "This is our contribution to the moral thinking of this society, and to the public debate on a given issue." But if you put the ideas out and say, "This is the way you must go," and everyone must go this narrow way, that is totally different.

So the problem really comes when Government officials want to make laws that are based on the more narrow religious tenets or sectarian positions, and try to impose them on the entire society. That is what people are struggling with now. It seems as if there are some religious groups that want the Government to behave in that way, and there are people in Government who agree. At issue are laws that would require activity in the public place that borders on or is a religious activity. That's the school prayer problem.

There is no question that this country has felt a powerful impact from the Judeo-Christian tradition. A great deal of the impact on the founding of this country, on the Constitution, and on people like Thomas Jefferson came from the Enlightenment, which offered a rational, ethical approach to government. If you push that back, it would take you to many Jewish and Christian roots. But it would be a mistake to believe that this country was founded on strict Jewish-Christian faith principles alone, because the Enlightenment influences were broader than that.

THE REV. JERRY FALWELL, founder of Moral Majority and chancellor of Liberty Baptist College, Lynchburg, Va.:

I don't believe that the "wall" exists in the Constitution. It has been a "practical" wall that has been a good thing for the U.S. during its history. However, we have never had in this country a separation of church and state. There never was a time in American history when politics and churchmen haven't merged and blurred, including the evangelical ministers of the abolitionist movement who broke the back of slavery and on up through the civil rights movement. The wall is an imaginary wall intended to keep government off the back of the church, to prevent the officialdom of the church from coercing their followers. But it was never intended to keep churchmen from voicing an opinion or asserting moral values.

It is impossible for a person with sincere religious convictions to divorce his daily actions from those convictions. Our personal convictions always translate into our votes, our life-styles, our words. Just as it would be impossible for a labor activist to vote for a right-to-work law, so does a person's private beliefs on the right of the unborn translate into policy.

All civilized society is governed by legislation of morality by consensus. In America, you can't commit murder or rape or robbery (with impunity) because some time back there Americans decided that that was a good moral way to live. So it is today.

Intelligent men and women who care about each other have to seek what the founders called in their documents "the general welfare" without oppressing the rights of minorities. Responsible legislation and judicial practice is and always has been morally informed. The general principles of American democracy have always been Judeo-Christian moral principles. That same generation of Americans who came out of the bondage and darkness of the Old World to found this nation, when they framed a Constitution and wrote the Declaration of Independence, referred to their creator with a capital C, they created a chaplain of Congress, they had prayers in their school from Day 1. Throughout all these 200-plus years, there has been a commitment to basic values. That's what we're coming back to now.

I could be offended by a President who tried to create a Christian republic, or a Jewish President who tried to create a Judaic republic. But regardless of a President's faith, if he were promoting Judeo-Christian values, I would say amen to him. Yes, there is a sense of secularism in the nation and always will be. But this is also a religious society, always has been and always will be. I applaud that, so long as there is the absolute guarantee of total civil rights for the nonbeliever. I could never be offended at the assertion of those basic values as long as there is a clear commitment to pluralism. It is a fine line, but is not too great a risk to reassess that we are a nation under God.



The View from 30,000 Ft.

Covering a campaign from the back of a plane



Some call it a cocoon, sealed off from the realities of the world. Others call it home. It offers perhaps the best view of a presidential campaign, and the worst. Tightly knit and suffused with the cramped camaraderie generally enjoyed only by soldiers enduring basic training or inmates in an asylum, the fuselage of a candidate's plane provides the skewed perspective from which many of the country's most prestigious political reporters view the electoral process.

Reporters often try to escape its claustrophobia. "I'll be traveling, but I'm going to do it in America, not this," said the Chicago *Tribune's* Jon Margolis when asked if he would be a regular on Walter Mondale's chartered 727. "This is a hermetically sealed tube." Yet the only thing worse than living with the plane is living without it; traveling alone denies the reporter easy access to the candidates and their staffs. When the Mondale campaign announced arrangements for its new chartered plane, it said that in order to provide regulars with the luxury of having the middle seat of each row empty, some newspapers, including the *Tribune*, would not have a reserved seat. The ensuing uproar sent Press Secretary Maxine Isaacs scurrying to come up with some compromise.

One of the greatest problems on a plane is working out the rules. Journalists generally want the right to report whatever is said or done, yet many value the informal interchange that occurs when there is an agreement to keep certain ac-

tivities off the record. On Air Force One, an eleven-member press pool sits in the back, well behind President Reagan's closed-off cabin, and gets regular briefings from Spokesman Larry Speakes, which the pool shares with the rest of the press traveling on a separate "zoo plane." There is an unwritten agreement that Reagan is not photographed at unguarded moments, although a picture of him wearing sweat pants and standing in a doorway was transmitted by U.P.I. this week, despite White House requests that it be withheld. Vice President George Bush avoids the situation entirely: his staff has decided to allow no reporters on his plane.

In response to demands by his traveling press corps, Mondale has lifted his longstanding rule that the plane's activities are off the record. As a result, he and his staff are rarely available for unscheduled chats. Geraldine Ferraro's new press secretary, Francis O'Brien, followed suit. When he brought Ferraro back to the press section, a near melee erupted. Television technicians, cameramen, reporters and others jostled in the narrow aisle for position, leaving most of them bruised and unsatisfied. O'Brien then announced that by popular request, Ferraro would make no more trips to the back of the plane.

Aboard Mondale's campaign plane, correspondents on deadline hunch over

their note pads or portable computers. Others unwind with a drink, socialize with colleagues or tune out the world with Sony Walkman tape players (Thomas Oliphant of the Boston *Globe* listens to opera, Dan Balz of the Washington *Post* is a country-music fan). Life on a campaign plane can lead to a curious sociological hierarchy, which ranges from the "big feet," top national correspondents who come aboard for a few days and figuratively step on the toes of regular reporters, to the "roaches," local newsmen who travel only on one leg of a trip.

The greatest competition involves seats, which are jealously reserved by regulars with tape bearing the names of their organizations. Said one reporter covering Ferraro: "To prisoners, even little things like a crust of bread become important enough to risk your life over." Last week an elderly Las Vegas reporter stood stranded in the aisle, searching for a seat, as Ferraro's plane was taking off. A television correspondent and a producer occupied a full row, their personal gear piled onto the seat between them. A reporter who asked if the older man could take the middle seat was told, "Our network paid for eight seats, and this is one of them." Ferraro Aide Beth Donovan promptly gave her spot to the elderly reporter.

Incumbency can drastically alter the mood of a campaign plane. When Reagan was the contender four years ago, the atmosphere on his *Leader-Ship 80* was warm and upbeat. At every takeoff Willie Nelson's *On the Road Again* was played on the p.a. system as Nancy Reagan rolled an orange down the aisle, trying to get it all the way to the back of the plane. The candidate cheerfully sat for interviews. Close relationships developed with the regular crew members, and three stewardesses later got White House jobs. Things are much different now, even among those flying in the zoo plane that accompanies Air Force One. The recreation rarely goes beyond the occasional card game or half-hearted food fight.

The four campaign planes lack the party atmosphere that prevailed on some planes during the primary season. There is no more skiing down the aisle on the plastic safety-instruction cards (as was common on Gary Hart's rickety charter plane), nor as large an arsenal of stuffed mascots, whistles and toys. Part of the reason is that the daily pressures are now more demanding. These days a nap aboard the plane is far more valuable than a party.

—By Jacob W. Lumar Jr.
Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Laurence L. Barrett with the President

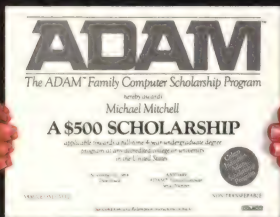


Unscheduled photo op



Air Mondale: reporters jam the aisles, chatting and sipping drinks aboard the candidate's plane. One reporter called the flying newsroom "a hermetically sealed tube."

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The Presidency/Hugh Sides

Insulting Us with Insults

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

There is a little religion from a noted practitioner that if invoked by Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale would help relieve this ailing political campaign of some of its miseries before it is too late.

The wisdom was reported by Luke, the storytelling healer who became a first-rate campaigner of sorts himself some 2,000 years ago. Granted, that advice is a little strong for modern American political hyperbole, but then these times may demand radical doctrine because rarely has a presidential campaign begun so negatively and had the potential to descend into a cauldron of concentrated accusation undiluted by reason or enlightenment.

These past few days of campaign charge and countercharge have been an insult to almost any U.S. citizen's intelligence. Reagan saw Democrats as "a pack of pessimists" dragging us into the valley of fear. Mondale warned that the average American will "get poorer" under Reagan. Both contentions are probably false.

Gerardine Ferraro noted there had been more small-business closings than at any other time since the Depression, conveniently forgetting that 600,000 new businesses were started last year, a record, and when we get that many boomers there always are those who go bust. George Bush worked it around to blame Mondale for the Soviet walkout from the arms talks, suggesting that they were hoping Mondale would be elected and be a pushover at the negotiating table. That is a stretch of the imagination that should be in the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

Reagan "has conducted an arms race on earth," boomed Mondale. A race generally implies two parties. The Soviets contributed a little bit to this problem, if Mondale had not noticed. And as if that were not enough, Speaker Tip O'Neill advised Mondale not to be such a nice guy and to lay it on Reagan even thicker, which could mean the level of political bilge will rise higher.

Why in this age of communication and education must we continue to get campaign rhetoric that seems to be out of the Dark Ages? Even a good number of the partisans who go to the rallies and cheer the exhortations walk away admitting it is mostly malarkey and we deserve better.

We brought it on ourselves. Because these campaigns are perpetual, we already know the candidates. We have watched every gray hair appear on Reagan's head, asked him about his sex life in the White House, and examined every word he has uttered. We have nurtured Mondale through twelve Senate years, four years as Vice President and four years as candidate. We know how he eats, sleeps, thinks and talks.

The chances of learning more about their views on the issues are remote. A presidential-election campaign is a retreat from specifics, a time of calculated vagueness to thwart adversaries until after the vote.

But the great television theater we have created demands more. It demands action, color, drama, confrontation. About the only way to catch the jaded eyes and ears of the anchormen is to hurl outrageous accusations, to dig up forgotten skeletons, to manufacture blame. An industry of inventive taunts is springing up this fall among the candidate handlers.

If it keeps going this way we could be on the verge of a gigantic political tune-out until November and the vote. We are close to being satiated with angry debates, confrontations, denunciations. One's senses are dulled by shouts, blares and baloney.

These truly extraordinary men and women running for highest office are capable of better—and they owe it to the country in return for the honor they have been given.



St. Luke writing his healing gospel

No Crimes

But a report criticizes Meese

Although Edwin Meese still attends many high-level White House meetings and quietly visited the Republican National Convention in Dallas, he has pretty much dropped from public prominence. But Ronald Reagan's Presidential Counsellor and nominee for Attorney General has re-emerged in the news. Jacob Stein, the special prosecutor appointed last April to probe questions raised at Meese's Senate confirmation hearings, will submit his report to a federal court this week, according to a source familiar with the investigation.

In a strict legal sense, Stein's 200-page report will clear Meese: the grand jury involved returned no indictments. But Stein will also report that Meese had received personal loans from friends and, despite his denials, had later helped some of them land federal jobs. The report will portray him as being insensitive to the ethics expected of the nation's highest law-enforcement officer.

Stein, one of Washington's top criminal-defense lawyers, began his investigation with six issues under study. They included Meese's role in the appointment of at least five people to Government jobs after they helped him get over financial difficulties created when he left California late in 1980 as the Reagan Administration was preparing to take office. The inquiry gradually expanded to five more questions, including payments to Meese from two private funds used to help finance transition planning. Stein called 45 witnesses before the grand jury, among them Presidential Aides James Baker and Michael Deaver, and quizzed Meese for two days.

Meese may say that the investigation has cleared him of wrongdoing. "You'd really have to have it in for him to translate this stuff into criminal behavior," Stein has told others close to the investigation. Stein's report, however, is expected to portray Meese as an incompetent administrator who has been unable to select high-caliber aides or to keep his personal finances straight. Stein is known to believe that his report will make it even more difficult for Meese to win Senate confirmation. Republican Strom Thurmond, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, said he would not hold new hearings on the nomination this year. Still, if Reagan wins by a landslide, he may have the clout to push the nomination through the Senate. Or Meese may decide that the wisest course is to declare himself vindicated and return to private life.



In limbo

Did Czar Nicholas quibble with Carl Fabergé
over the price of eggs?



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Sandinista soldiers at wreckage of helicopter in which two American civilians died

A Mystery Involving "Mercs"

Deaths in Nicaragua raise questions about U.S. involvement

Version 1: The scene is a clearing in Nicaragua controlled by the anti-Sandinista *contra* guerrillas. "We're going on a rescue mission," shouts Dana Parker, a captain in the Alabama National Guard, as he jumps into a green Hughes 500 helicopter, joining James Powell, a Viet Nam veteran and flight instructor from Memphis. They take off with a *contra* pilot at the controls. The two Americans are unarmed. The chopper's rocket pods are empty. The visitors, who have no ties to the CIA, are bringing boots and uniforms for the *contras*. Their aircraft crashes—its whereabouts unknown.

Version 2: The scene is an airstrip in Jamastrán, Honduras, recently improved by the U.S. Two armed Americans lift off in a helicopter carrying 36 rockets and a machine gun. It joins three Cessna aircraft in a *contra* raid on a military school and an electric plant near Santa Clara, ten miles inside Nicaragua. The planes fire 24 rockets, killing a 40-year-old male civilian and three girls. The chopper is shot down, and its three occupants are killed. The Americans were on a combat mission with the knowledge and implicit approval of the CIA.

These were the conflicting and irreconcilable accounts of how two Americans last week became casualties of the guerrilla warfare against Nicaragua's Sandinista government. The first, relatively neutral version, given by *contra* spokesmen, and the second, accusative account, provided by Nicaraguan officials, seemed tailored to fit their opposite political purposes. But the incident stirred a new controversy over whether the CIA has been accepting the voluntary help of American civilians to support the *contras* since last May, when Congress cut off further funding of the CIA's not-so-covert operation in Nicaragua. It also focused attention on the shadowy activity of mercenary fighters—mercs, as they call themselves.

Some points are not in dispute. Parker, 36, was a popular 13-year veteran of the police department in Huntsville and an active weekend officer in the Alabama National Guard's elite Special Forces unit at nearby Decatur. The CIA had used the Alabama Air National Guard surreptitiously in the early 1960s to train Cuban exiles as pilots for the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion. Powell, also 36, had piloted helicopters in Viet Nam, surviving three crashes caused by enemy fire. Parker belonged to a little-known anti-Communist organization in Alabama called the Civilian Military Assistants group (CMA). Powell was a member of a Memphis offshoot known as Civilian Refugee Military Assistants.

The casual origin of CMA was explained by Tom Posey, 38, a balding former Marine who is one of its founders. He



Dana Parker

James Powell

said that he and four other veterans began meeting in Huntsville restaurants in July of last year, "just shooting the bull about what we could do to help" the anti-Communist forces in Central America. "At first we didn't know there was even anything going on in Nicaragua. We thought the *contras* were Communists."

Posey said his group's Nicaragua venture began belatedly last November after the group learned from newspapers that the *contras* were fighting the Sandinistas,

and that General Gustavo Alvarez Martinez, then Honduras' strongman, was supporting the rebels. Posey impulsively sent a letter to the general, offering his group's help in opposing Communists. "I was tickled pink when I got a letter back. He invited us down." Posey said that he and three CMA colleagues flew to Tegucigalpa in a chartered plane in January after notifying the Honduran embassy in Washington that they were taking handguns and rifles ("for our own protection") as well as \$4,000 worth of medical supplies. Posey said he showed Alvarez's letter to a U.S. embassy official in Honduras, who arranged for a Honduran military aide to make contact with the Americans. They delivered their supplies, Posey said, to a *contra* base camp in Honduras.

Posey, with Parker, Powell and three other CMA members, flew back to Honduras in late August, bringing what Posey described as nonlethal items, including socks, blue jeans and even baseball bats for *contra* children. In all, he said, CMA has donated about \$70,000 worth of goods to the *contras*. A *contra* spokesman said the Americans also taught the guerrillas "survival techniques." It was on this visit that the helicopter crash occurred.

Administration officials conceded that both State and Defense Department employees have helped CMA and other private groups send military and civilian supplies to El Salvador in support of that government's war against Marxist-led rebel forces. The Administration contends that such private aid to a friendly government is legal. State Department Spokesman John Hughes said that the Justice Department is examining whether CMA also provided munitions to the insurgents in Nicaragua and, if so, whether this violated the neutrality laws.

In response to inquiries by New York Democrat Daniel Patrick Moynihan, vice chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, the CIA conceded that it was aware of the Americans' activity in Honduras. But the agency assured the committee that it was not sending American citizens on combat missions against the Sandinistas.

Actually, there does not seem to be any extensive involvement of American mercenaries in combat in either El Salvador or Nicaragua. Robert K. Brown of Boulder, Colo., a former Special Forces officer who publishes *Soldier of Fortune*, said that his magazine has coordinated the shipment of some 20 tons of medical supplies to the El Salvador government and has sent teams of experts in small arms, mortars, explosives and medical treatment there on six "training missions." But he estimates that only four or five American civilians are involved in the "anti-Communist" combat in Central America, mainly because no one pays enough for such service. "All these guys get," scoffs Dale Dye, the magazine's executive editor, "is beans, rice and bullets."

—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Jerome Chandler/Huntsville and Ross H. Moore/Washington

American Notes

TREATIES

Election-Year Stand on Genocide

One of the stranger pieces of unsecured U.S. diplomatic baggage fell out of the State Department's closet with a clunk last week. A spokesman announced that the Reagan Administration at long last would seek Senate ratification of a United Nations pact denouncing genocide. The move came less than three weeks before the Senate's scheduled adjournment, making formal consent to the document this session virtually impossible. Stranger still, the Administration's sudden backing occurred after 3½ years of silence about the treaty, which has been supported by Reagan's seven immediate predecessors despite its languishing among the Senate's unfinished business for more than 35 years.

Drafted with U.S. help in the wake of the Nazi Holocaust, the convention defines "any attempt to destroy, in whole or part, a national, ethnic, racial or religious group" as an international crime. The treaty has been approved by 93 nations. U.S. ratification has been blocked repeatedly by Senate adherents of states' rights, who contend that radicals might use it to prosecute segregationists, and by conservative groups that fear it would subordinate American law to international pressure. Reagan's belated support was announced the day before he spoke to the Jewish group B'nai B'rith, which strongly backs the convention.

ILLINOIS

The Newest Millionaire's Wish



Wittkowski with winning ticket

What, other than Silicon Valley garages, has made millionaires out of 1,144 Americans over the past two decades? The answer is state lotteries, which for three straight months have set record payouts for North America. In July a retired Bronx carpenter won \$20 million in the New York State lottery, and in August eight players shared a purse of \$24.6 million in the Ohio Lotto. Last week a Chicago printer, Michael Wittkowski, 28, claimed sole possession of a \$40 million prize that had built up in the Illinois state lottery.

Wittkowski, who will collect his windfall in 20 annual installments of \$2 million each, at first seemed unfazed. He said he planned to continue working ("If I quit, all I have to do is sit around and count my money") and promised to share his winnings with his brother, sister and father. "We want to stay just the way we are." But by the end of the press conference, the new millionaire said wearily, "I gotta go find a beer." After two days of talk shows and streams of visitors, he sought refuge farther afield. "He called me from out of state this morning," said a lottery official. "He said that he's had enough for this week."

RETAILING

Credit for Kiddies

If his allowance is only 50¢ a week, what is a seven-year-old to do when he wants a \$20 toy or a \$125 toy? Well, he can always walk into the store and say, "Charge it." Buffums, a Southern California department-store chain with 15 outlets, now offers children's charge accounts. The store requires no minimum age or source of income. The precocious applicant need only find a parent or guardian with a good credit rating to co-sign the application and guarantee any debts. The Buffums card is identical to ones the store issues to adults, as are the payment terms and in-



Precocious plastic

terest charges. The sole difference is that cardholders under 18 are generally limited to a \$200 line of credit.

Since the cards were introduced in July, the chain has received 1,600 applications from potential customers as young as one; 1,400 cards have been issued so far. The store credit manager

THE MAILS

Putting In Their 2¢

When the U.S. Postal Service absolutely, positively has to increase its revenues, the process it must go through is not exactly overnight delivery. First its eleven-member board of governors makes a proposal, which is then considered by an independent rate-review commission. The commission's findings in turn are subject to renegotiation by the board if the two groups differ. Last week the middle step in that bureaucratic do-si-do occurred. The commission recommended a package of rate hikes that will almost certainly boost the price of a first-class postage stamp from 20¢ to 22¢ early next year. A 1¢ hike in the price of a postcard, to 14¢, was also suggested. The first general rate increases since 1981 apparently will include an average 13% climb in the cost of bulk classes of business mail.

The commission's recommendation was somewhat less than the amount sought by the board, which wanted to raise the price of a first-class stamp to 23¢. The board can try to live within the means suggested or seek to get the decision changed. Though the Postal Service has recorded surpluses for the past two years, Postmaster General William Bolger warned that an additional \$3.2 billion in new revenues will be required to offset rising costs next year. One factor sure to influence the board's eventual decision is the outcome of an acrimonious dispute with postal unions, which have been working without contracts since July 21.

PUERTO RICO

Show-Biz Shocker in San Juan

For more than 20 years, Luis Vigoreaux and Lydia Echevarria ranked as Puerto Rico's leading husband-and-wife showbiz team—he as the island's top TV game-show host, she as his co-host and a favorite soap-opera actress. Then, early last year, their lives went awry. The couple were on the verge of divorcing, and Vigoreaux was planning to marry a younger woman. On Jan. 17 his charred body, which showed at least eleven stiletto-type stab wounds, was discovered stuffed in the trunk of his red Mercedes-Benz on the outskirts of San Juan.

Last week Secretary of Justice Nelson Martinez Acosta announced orders to arrest four people for murdering Vigoreaux. The stunning news: Echevarria was one of them. Acting on "motives of passion," Martinez charged, Echevarria offered a three-man contract-murder team more than \$25,000 to do away with her husband. One of the deal's stipulations, the Secretary said, was that the hired team torture the victim before killing him. The trio brought along a fourth member to act as driver; he agreed to testify for the state in return for immunity from prosecution. Echevarria, who spent two nights in jail before posting a bond of \$56,800, was cheered by fellow inmates on her release. She has not commented on the charges.



Echevarria

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COVER STORY

Canada Changes Course

After a smashing victory, Mulroney's Tories get set to move a nation



The favorable opinion polls, the encouraging reports from the provinces, the heavy turnout—all signs pointed to an election victory for Brian Mulroney. Thus the leader of the Progressive Conservative Party was not especially surprised when, at 7:37 p.m., an announcer for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. crisply declared that Mulroney would be the country's next Prime Minister. But within 15 minutes, Mulroney and many of his 25 million fellow Canadians began to realize that something extraordinary was happening. By night's end the balloting had turned into nothing less than a landslide of Rocky Mountain proportions. In one of the biggest electoral sweeps in Canadian history, Mulroney's Tories captured 211 seats in the 282-member Parliament, up from 103 seats in the 1980 election. The Conservative Party won a plurality of popular votes in all of Canada's ten provinces, making it a truly national party for the first time in 20 years. Drowned in cheers of "Bri-an! Bri-an!" Mulroney, 45, thanked the 3,000 supporters gathered at an indoor hockey rink in his Quebec home town of Baie Comeau. Said the Prime Minister-elect: "Canada has responded to a call to national unity."

By contrast, the Liberal Party, headed by Prime Minister John Turner, won only 40 seats, down from 147 in 1980. The defeat was not only a loss for Turner but a national repudiation of the party dominated by the cosmopolitan, sometimes cavalier Pierre Elliott Trudeau, under whose leadership the Liberals had ruled Canada for all but nine months since 1968. Turner, a Toronto corporate lawyer who became his party's leader after Trudeau resigned as Prime Minister in June, came close to losing his own constituency in the western province of British Columbia. He eventually prevailed, 21,728 to 18,404. Though some party regulars grumbled about dumping Turner as Liberal leader last week, the white-thatched chieflain ignored the criticism. "The people of Canada from coast to coast have spoken," said Turner to a dispirited band of followers on election night. "Tomorrow I begin my task of rebuilding the Liberal Party."

Though the date has not been officially set, Mulroney is expected to be sworn in early next week. After moving to 24 Sussex Drive, the Prime Minister's official residence in Ottawa, only two months ago, Turner and his family will have to



Hall the conquering hero: Mulroney, with his wife, acknowledges the cheers on election night

start packing again. One of Turner's last duties will be to play host to Pope John Paul II as he begins an eleven-day visit to Canada this week. Turner, a Roman Catholic, planned to be on hand for the Pope's arrival in Quebec City on Sunday.

Mulroney will face far more onerous tasks as Prime Minister. He must revive Canada's sluggish economy, which is still recovering from the country's worst recession since the 1930s. Unemployment stands at 11.2%, compared with 7.5% for the U.S. The Canadian dollar is worth a

meager U.S. 77¢, down from U.S. 98¢ in 1975. Mulroney also inherits the task, difficult even in the best of times, of ruling a country whose strong-willed provinces are often at odds with the federal government, and whose people do not share the same language: one of every four Canadians speaks French. Mulroney must also set the tone for his country's relationship—sometimes rewarding, sometimes maddening, always crucial—with the superpower neighbor to the south.

Indeed, the Mulroney victory is of

major importance for the U.S. Ottawa and Washington are inextricably linked by a full diplomatic pouch of issues, ranging from acid rain to fishing rights to import quotas for steel. The two countries have the world's largest trading partnership: almost \$100 billion in bilateral trade last year, more business than the U.S. did with Japan or any West European nation. American companies have more money directly invested in Canada than in any other foreign country. Canada and the U.S. are more than just neighbors; they share the longest undefended border in the world. As members of NATO, the two nations consult on defense even more frequently than they might. And as Canadians note wryly, their country is all that lies between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, as the missile flies.

During the 15-year reign of Trudeau's Liberals, however, relations between Canada and the U.S. reached a low ebb. Tired of what they considered to be Trudeau's insolence, Reagan Administration officials made little secret of their feelings that either Turner or Mulroney would be an improvement over the former Prime Minister. During the campaign, both candidates spoke of their desire to strengthen bonds between Ottawa and Washington, but Mulroney sounded especially fervent. "Superb relations with the U.S. will be the cornerstone of our foreign policy," he declared. When Mulroney visited Ronald Reagan at the White House in June, the two leaders swapped stories and got along famously. Campaigning in Chicago last week for his own re-election, Reagan telephoned congratulations to Mulroney.

Though Mulroney is committed to warmer ties, U.S. officials will be disappointed if they expect the new Prime Minister to be a Canadian version of Ronald Reagan. Mulroney is what members of his party call a "Red Tory," a pragmatist who favors compromise over ideological combat. During the campaign, he not only vowed to keep his country's extensive net of welfare programs intact, but he also advocated such innovative ideas as paying pensions to homemakers. By and large, Canada's Progressive Conservative Party tends to be several shades more liberal than the U.S. Republican Party, especially on domestic issues. Mulroney describes himself not as a conservative but as "a centrist, open to all discussions."

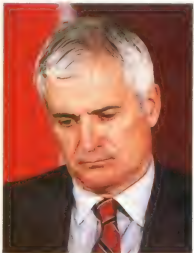
Mulroney's triumph brought to a close an eventful chapter in Canadian political life, the era of Pierre Trudeau. He came to symbolize Canada not only for Canadians but for the rest of the world, often to the delight of his countrymen. At a time when the French-speaking province of Quebec noisily threatened to secede, Trudeau blunted the menace with bilingual reforms. Toward the end of his tenure, however, Trudeau was increasingly perceived by Canadians as having overstayed his welcome. Many felt that the Prime Minister had grown bored and petulant, and



Goodbye to all that: Trudeau at a Montreal campaign rally

that the Liberal Party had become rudderless, lazy, unimaginative. Against the backdrop of a stagnant economy, Canadians yearned for a fresh new course. The election results were not so much a resounding note for Mulroney as they were a deafening rejection of the incumbents. "The Liberal Party had become too remote, too arrogant," says George Perlin, professor of political science at Queens University at Kingston, Ont. Editorialized the Toronto *Sun* the day after the ballot: "The people didn't speak, they belted, then chewed up the Liberals and spit them out."

The Liberals expected a different outcome in early July, when Turner dissolved Parliament and scheduled new elections. Though he had succeeded Trudeau only nine days earlier and could have called for a vote as late as next spring, Turner decided to take advantage of opinion polls that showed his party



Turner in a reflective moment on election eve
Out of the job after only two months.

with an eleven-point lead over the Tories. Immediately, however, the new Prime Minister committed his first major blunder: he reappointed nearly all Trudeau's ministers to his own Cabinet. Bowing to pressure from his predecessor, Turner also awarded cushy patronage posts to 17 Liberal colleagues.

By then Mulroney had already assembled a nationwide political machine and raised an estimated \$14 million. After years of relying on the Trudeau name to win elections, the Liberals found themselves with an organization in disarray and a bankroll of only \$2 million. So chaotic was the Turner team that the Prime Minister replaced his campaign manager halfway through the race. "Part of the problem is that you must have a horse and a jockey," says a Turner associate. "John tried to be both."

Mulroney and Turner offered so little on the issues that New Democratic Party Leader Edward Broadbent dubbed them "MasterCard and Visa." Both candidates, for example, pledged to cut the government's deficit of \$23 billion and increase defense spending. At times the only real squabble between them seemed to be how many promises Mulroney had made; by Turner's count, the Tory had made 338. One Liberal TV ad featured a shopping cart crammed with packages at a cash register; the items were labeled "Tory promises," but none carried prices.

Ultimately, the campaign turned not on ideas but on images. An unusually private politician, Turner seemed nervous and creaky-voiced when delivering speeches or working crowds. He would sometimes stammer or gesture wildly, then laugh nervously to cover his embarrassment. His oral flubs became legion. "It's a great country where a man can come up, whatever his religion, whatever his sex," he told one group. His manual gaffes caused Turner even more trouble: he was shown on television patting Party President Iona Campagnolo and another female Liberal on their posteriors, afterward explaining weakly that he was a "tactile politician."

Mulroney, on the other hand, campaigned like a lottery winner, smiling perpetually and pumping every hand in sight. He perfected a punchy stump speech, delivering it in French and English with equal ease. Mulroney's wife Mila, 31, turned out to be the election's second-best campaigner; pretty and vivacious, she charmed even jaded journalists. The Tory candidate shone in the three televised debates, especially when he attacked Turner for the Trudeau patronage plums. "You chose to say yes to old attitudes and the old stories of the Liberal Party," he charged. When the Prime Minister held up his hands, ostensibly to silence Mulroney, many viewers interpreted it as a sign of surrender. It might as well have been: one month before the election,

World

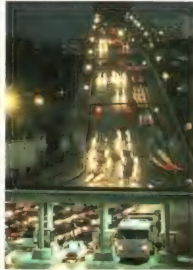
Turner found himself trailing Mulroney 45% to 36%.

By carrying all ten provinces, Mulroney demonstrated his stature as a truly national leader. Not since Party Leader John Diefenbaker swept the Tories into power in 1958 has one party been so strong across the country. Since then the Liberals have tended to prevail in the East, while the Progressive Conservatives dominated the West. Ontario, the country's most populous province, has alternated between the two parties. This time Mulroney picked up 67 out of 95 seats in Ontario and captured the Liberal stronghold of Quebec, winning 58 out of 75 seats (see box). To underscore his empathy for the French-speaking province, Mulroney, a Quebec native himself, chose to run for Parliament from his home constituency of Manicouagan. He won handily, 30,386 to 9,729.

The Tory tide pushed many prominent Liberals from their seats, including Iona Campagnolo and 15 of Turner's 29 Cabinet ministers.

In the post-mortem, Turner's aides spoke bitterly of Trudeau. They blamed him for not quitting office sooner, thus affording Turner more time to build his record, and for weakening the party by ignoring its provincial roots. Asked what he thought of Turner's campaign, Trudeau blithely replied, "I don't really know. I've been on vacation." Said a top Liberal strategist: "Trudeau did not give a fig about the party. It was hard to escape the feeling that he was delighted at the trouble Turner was having."

The Liberals barely outpolled the country's third party, the New Democrats. Though early polls showed the N.D.P. losing most of its 31 seats, Leader Broadbent came off so well during the televised debates that the party dropped only one seat. During the campaign, the N.D.P. toned down its reformist rhetoric; instead, Broadbent emphasized job-training programs and women's rights. Having pulled to within ten seats of the Liberals,



Traffic crossing into Canada from Buffalo

the New Democrats now nourish dreams of becoming the main opposition party after the next election.

Mulroney's triumph is especially remarkable for a man who, until his election to the House of Commons last year, had never held public office. The oldest son of an electrician, Mulroney (pronounced Mulrooney) was born in the papermaking town of Baie Comeau, 265 miles north of Quebec City. His ancestors had emigrated to Canada from Ireland in the 1840s, when the potato famine wasted their native land. Young Brian grew up speaking English at home and French with his playmates. After dinner, the parents and their six children would gather around the piano and sing Irish songs. During visits to Baie Comeau by Colonel Robert McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* and proprietor of the local paper mill, the silver-voiced boy would be brought out to sing *Danny Boy* for him. By ten, Mulroney was

also honing his oratorical skills in public speaking contests sponsored by the local Rotary club. In an early address, he wisely extolled the virtues of trees. He won first prize.

At 16, Mulroney entered St. Francis Xavier University in Nova Scotia, where he majored in political science—and minored in campus politics. He joined the Progressive Conservatives partly because, a friend recalls, the college's Liberal club was dominated by English-speaking "elitists." Even then, Mulroney knew what he wanted: as a sophomore, he was elected Prime Minister in a mock student parliament. In 1958 he served as national vice president of the Youth for Diefenbaker campaign; when the Tory leader swept into office, the precocious Mulroney served as an occasional adviser to the Prime Minister.

After graduating from Quebec City's Laval University law school in 1964, Mulroney joined an eminent Montreal law firm, where he specialized in labor litigation. "Running for office was always in the back of his mind," says Jean Bazin, a law-school classmate and co-chairman of Mulroney's campaign. "But he wanted to get established first." Though he represented management, Mulroney won a reputation among union leaders as a fair negotiator who did not bluster or talk down to them. At Montreal's Mount Royal Tennis Club, Mulroney, then 33, met a Yugoslavian-born engineering student named Mita Pivnicki, 18. Though the age difference initially troubled them, their shared passion for tennis and politics overcame all doubts. They were married a year later. The Mulroneys have three children: Caroline, 10, Benedict, 8, and Mark, 5.

Mulroney was catapulted to prominence in 1974, when he was appointed to a three-member commission investigating corruption in the Quebec construction

Canada's pride: lumber at a British Columbia mill, fish at a Newfoundland dock



industry. Thousands of Canadians followed the panel's televised hearings, which seethed with daily testimonies of bribes and beatings. Mulroney and his fellow commission members received several death threats and were given round-the-clock police guards. The panel's 600-page final report led to 24 indictments. Emboldened by that burst of public acclaim, Mulroney decided to run for the Tory party leadership in 1976. He barnstormed the country, flying by private jet and giving lavish lunches for party regulars. Many Tories, however, were uncomfortable with Mulroney's slick style and free-spending ways. At the convention, he was shoved aside in favor of another candidate, Joe Clark of Alberta.

Casting about for a new challenge, Mulroney joined the Iron Ore Co. of Canada, a subsidiary of the U.S.-owned Hanna Mining Co. His main task was to bring labor peace to the strike-plagued firm and its 7,000 workers. Mulroney succeeded admirably, raising widows' pensions and distributing worker bonuses when the company broke the \$100 million mark in earnings. Faced with the U.S. auto recession and declining demand for steel, Mulroney in 1982 shut down a company mine at Schefferville in northeastern Quebec. The closing put 285 miners out of work and turned Schefferville into a ghost town of boarded-up stores and FOR SALE signs.

Though some labor leaders castigated him for the decision, Mulroney avoided heavy political damage by offering handsome severance packages to the workers. In 1983 he again campaigned for the post of party leader, but this time he crisscrossed the country by commercial plane and wooed delegates over coffee. His chief rival for the job: Joe Clark. Having unseated Prime Minister Trudeau and the Liberals in the 1979 elections, Clark was in office only nine months before a parli-



mentary no-confidence vote brought down his rickety government and returned Trudeau to power. Crippled by his reputation as a has-been, Clark lost the leadership to Mulroney on the fourth ballot at the party convention.

The outcome presented the Tories with a problem: their new party leader did not sit in the House of Commons. A Tory M.P. from Nova Scotia obligingly resigned, and Mulroney ran for the seat in a special by-election. Leaving nothing to chance, the rookie candidate moved his family into a three-bedroom log cabin in the contested district. Swapping his pin-stripes for plaid sweaters, Mulroney beat his closest opponent by more than 2 to 1. Perhaps Trudeau, vacationing in Greece at the time, sensed what was to come. Remarkably the Liberal leader upon hearing of Mulroney's election: "We will certainly be treating him with respect—and apprehension."

Mulroney's life revolves around politics so much that his closest

friends, most of them college and law-school chums, tend also to be his most trusted advisers. An early riser, he scans half a dozen newspapers a day, including the *New York Times*. Though he radiates a hearty amiability, Mulroney rarely wastes a minute; if he is delayed somewhere, he pulls out a book and starts reading. (He prefers biographies, especially volumes on John Kennedy.) For relaxation, Mulroney favors a fast-paced set of tennis. Once an avid golfer, he rarely plays now because the game takes too long. When time permits, he relishes fishing trips to Labrador and skiing in the Laurentian Mountains.

Once he takes office, Mulroney's first priority will be to create more jobs, especially for the country's half a million unemployed young people. During the campaign, he proposed tax credits for employers who hire and train youths. He also recommended grants of up to \$20,000 to young entrepreneurs who want to start their own companies. The Prime Minister's efforts, however, will be hampered by Canada's persistently high interest rates, now at 13%, and by an apparent



Shoppers stroll through a Toronto mall; an oil refinery in Oakville, Ont.



World

pause in the country's recovery from the recession. Mulroney has already backed away from his earlier promises to eliminate the Canadian budget deficit by 1990. Indeed, he has acknowledged that his campaign pledges, including a \$200 million hike in health and welfare spending, will cost an additional \$3 billion over the next two years. Mulroney plans to cover the higher expenses partly by imposing a minimum income tax on the wealthy.

To a large extent, Canada's economic woes resulted from a whirlwind of outside forces that hit the country in the early 1980s: a drop in energy prices, a turnaround in world trade, lofty U.S. interest rates. Yet the Trudeau government cannot escape blame. The Liberals overestimated the revenues that would flow from the country's oil holdings. Through legislation and attitude, Trudeau's men undercut the confidence of businessmen at home and investors from abroad. Finally, Trudeau himself had no patience for the nitty-gritty of economic management.



Toronto sign hawk the weak Canadian dollar

preferring to leave the details to others. By contrast, Mulroney is certain to immerse himself in his government's economic policies.

The traditional friction between the federal government and the provinces is also likely to ease. Mulroney does not share Trudeau's confrontational style in such dealings, and seven of the ten provincial premiers are fellow Tories. The new Prime Minister has not offered any specifics on how he will deal with regional grievances, especially the continuing squabble between the energy-rich west and the energy-hungry east over oil pricing and supply. But he has set a conciliatory tone by promising to hold an early economic summit with the premiers.

Mulroney also has proposed measures to stimulate investment, a notion that should make U.S. firms happy. He is committed to revising the country's 1980 National Energy Program, a controversial act that allowed the government to claim a 25% stake retroactively in oil discover-

"An Unusual Country"

Tired and hoarse, but visibly elated from his election-night triumph, the Prime Minister-elect left his home town of Baie Comeau the next day aboard Manicougan I, the Boeing 727 that served as his traveling campaign headquarters. As the plane sped west toward Ottawa, TIME Correspondent Marcia Gauger talked with Mulroney about the campaign, the economy and his vision for Canada's future.

On the Campaign. It was 53 days long. The hardest part is to get up every morning and put in a 19-hour day and do it with efficiency and good humor and not get too alarmed if your staff makes mistakes or if things don't go perfectly, because that's human nature. I told our people when this thing began, "Lockit, we're eleven points behind, we're running against a celebrated new Prime Minister. Keep your nerve, keep your sense of humor and we're going to be sitting in 24 Sussex [the Prime Minister's residence] by Labor Day."

On His First Priority as Prime Minister.

In general, it is to begin the process of restoring Canada. First, we have to civilize our conduct of internal relations. We've had guerrilla warfare going on in various levels of government. An example? For 15 years the governments of Newfoundland and Labrador have been trying to negotiate an arrangement with Ottawa for the development of the extraordinary Hibernia offshore oil and gas resources. They've been unable to do so because of the Liberal contention that either you develop it Ottawa's way or you don't develop it at all. Second, we have to create opportunities for growth, to attract job-creating equity capital.

On Foreign Investment. Well, there are two symbols of the problem, the Foreign Investment Review Agency and the National Energy Program. As a result of these gestures, Canada has lost that very valuable infusion of job-creating capital we need. Now add to that what has always struck me as a dismayingly perverse dimension of Liberal policy,

which was to hector and harass our friends and allies, including the U.S. My position is always that we should give our friends the benefit of a doubt. I think a lot of people in the U.S. are concerned about some of the things that Canada has been up to, and they have responded in kind.

On the U.S. One of the first things we will do is refurbish that excellent relationship of trust that must exist between the U.S. and Canada. The U.S. is our greatest friend, neighbor and ally, period. Now, that relationship doesn't suggest any degree of compliance or servility. The fact of the matter is, if I were the President I would wake up every morning and say, "Thank God for Canada. Now what can I do for Canada?" Can you imagine having a neighbor on your border like Canada? This is an extremely valuable relationship back and forth. But like all valuable relationships, it must never be taken for granted.

On the \$23 Billion Budget Deficit.

The way out of this massive deficit that we've inherited is not by any little cuts or cosmetic changes. The way out—the only way out—is by economic growth, by creating new wealth, by unfettering the private sector, by some dimension of deregulation and by federal-provincial cooperation.

On His Vision for Canada.

The election serves as a reminder to Canadian leaders that this is a country of tolerance, of protection of minorities, of civility in the Progressive Conservative tradition. On the social side, we believe very firmly in the maintenance of the universal social programs designed to care for those in our society who require assistance. That is in the Progressive Conservative tradition. On the economic side, there is in my judgment a role for government that is less interventionist than that of the Liberals and the socialists, a role that creates a climate in which the entrepreneurial genius of the private sector can do what it does best, namely create new wealth, new possibilities of employment. So there is no contradiction in terms. Progressive Conservative is an unusual party name, but this is an unusual country.



Mulroney during plane interview

ies. The legislation infuriated U.S. oil companies, which have substantial holdings throughout Canada and off the Atlantic and Arctic coasts. Mulroney will also overhaul the Foreign Investment Review Agency, a 1974 Trudeau creation

that monitors companies wishing to do business in Canada to ensure that their activities are in the country's interest. FIRA's regulations, however, drove many foreign businessmen away; in the past three years, U.S. investment in Canada declined by \$3.7 billion. Mulroney plans to turn FIRA into more of an investment

promoter than a nationalistic watchdog. Says Charles Doran, director of Johns Hopkins' Center of Canadian Studies: "The form will be there, but the teeth will be gone."

Relations between Washington and Ottawa have actually been improving since 1982, when Secretary of State George Shultz started holding bilateral talks with Foreign Minister Allan MacEachen every three months. Colleagues at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the early 1950s, the two men enjoyed an excellent rapport that quickly trickled down through their respective bureaucracies. "We got energized knowing that our bosses were looking over our shoulders," says a U.S. diplomat. The meetings focused primarily on trade and economic issues; though Mulroney has not yet named MacEachen's successor, both U.S. and Canadian officials expect trade barriers to fall.

Many disagreements remain. The Reagan Administration is especially concerned about Canadian defense expenditures. The country this year will spend \$6.8 billion on arms, or 2.1% of its gross national product, well below the U.S. level of 6.8%. In the early 1970s, Trudeau froze the Canadian military budget and cut the armed forces serving with NATO in Western Europe from 10,000 to 5,000. Though the Prime Minister eventually increased defense outlays, the perception lingers in Washington that Ottawa is not paying its fair share. Mulroney has promised a 6% hike in defense expenditures, but it is unlikely that he will be able to modernize his country's aging military hardware as much as Washington would like.

Mulroney has his own agenda for dealing with the U.S. At the top of the list is acid rain, which is threatening Canada's important fishing and timber industries—and which many Canadians blame on the U.S. The Reagan Administration contends that the link between acid rain and sulfur-dioxide emissions that drift northward from coal-fired power plants in the Midwest has not yet been proved.

Mulroney, however, has promised to push the issue with the White House, most likely after the U.S. election in November. The Liberal government committed itself to halving emissions on its side of the border by 1994, but Canadian officials doubt that Washington will do the same. Some U.S. experts think the U.S. might agree to install scrubbers on some aging smokestacks. Says Doran: "Mulroney's going to have to make some progress." "He has to get something beyond just 'further discussion.'"

Regain this month will decide one major issue dividing the two countries: whether to include Canada in any new limits on foreign steel imports, which are hurting the U.S. steel industry. Canada, whose steel shipments to the U.S. totaled nearly 2.4 million tons last year, has asked to be exempted from the quotas. They could cost

torical ambivalence toward the colossus to the south, proud of their status as one of the world's leading industrialized nations but keenly aware their neighbor is about ten times Canada's size in production and population. "Mulroney will have to give the Americans the back of his hand every so often," says a Capitol Hill expert. The Reagan Administration expects that relations will remain warm because of Mulroney's oft-proclaimed affection for the U.S., his attitude that, as he has said, "the U.S. is our greatest friend, neighbor and ally."

Mulroney may find that his most trying moments are spent dealing not with Washington but with his Tory colleagues. The new Prime Minister won the election partly because he succeeded so well in uniting a fractious party. With victory secured, however, the Progressive Conservatives could easily regain their penchant for bickering over ideological and regional issues. In a parliamentary majority this

lopsided, Tory backbenchers may grow restless, or find it safe to dissent from the government line, or even form cabals to pursue narrow issues.

The 58 Tory members from Quebec may prove especially difficult to control. Most of them are parliamentary newcomers with little experience in the customs and folkways of Ottawa—and with much dedication to their province's distinct identity. Mulroney is no doubt aware of the hazards. Diefenbaker, his onetime mentor, won a large majority in 1958 but could not hold it together. Some members grew tired of heaving the party line; others championed regional questions. The government crumbled after five years.

Such cautionary talk, however, seemed wildly out of place last week as Mulroney prepared to assume his post. The Tory leader planned to closet himself with his aides in Ottawa to pick a Cabinet and prepare his party's address for the opening of Parliament. The speech is expected to outline, in greater detail than Mulroney did on the campaign trail, the Tory vision for Canada. If his race and his past are any guide, the new

Prime Minister will describe a society that is tolerant in its vast diversity, compassionate toward its less fortunate members and, of course, more prosperous than the one he is inheriting. That last expectation will be especially difficult. But in the heady days between victory and taking office, Mulroney savored a far smaller problem, though one that neatly captured the magnitude of his mandate to put Canada on a new course. So many Progressive Conservatives were elected last week that the Tory benches in Parliament will not be able to hold them all. Some M.P.s will have to sit on the side of the aisle usually reserved for the opposition, crowding out the diminished ranks of those who ran Canada until the boy from Baie Comeau arrived. —By James Kelly. Reported by Marcia Gauger/Baie Comeau, Gavin Scott/Ottawa and Barrett Seaman/Washington



The young Brian



Mulroney and his family at their suburban Montreal home. A hearty amiability that masks a disciplined nature.

the country up to 3,000 jobs, and the Ottawa government contends that Canadians buy more steel-related products from the U.S., notably automobiles, than they sell to the U.S.

In addition, the World Court at The Hague is expected to rule soon on a long-standing fishing dispute between Nova Scotia and the New England states. The U.S. has laid claim to all of the Georges Bank, off the Massachusetts coast, while the Canadians contend that about half the bank belongs to them. The contested area is rich in scallops and other seafood (the annual harvest totals some \$75 million), and may also hold abundant reserves of oil and natural gas.

Some U.S. officials predict that Mulroney will eventually have to take a more critical stance toward the U.S., if only for domestic reasons. Canadians have a his-

Return of a Prodigal Province

Weary of separatism, Quebec decides to give Canada a chance



Quebec has often struck outsiders as a byword for radicals and recalcitrance.

The French-speaking province sends its own delegates abroad and calls its legislature the National Assembly. In 1970 a lunatic fringe agitating for Quebec's secession from Canada murdered a Cabinet minister, kidnaped a British diplomat, and set off so many explosions, both verbal and physical, that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau invoked the War Measures Act, Canada's equivalent of martial law. Even today the nation's most eccentric voice of disaffection, the nonsensical Rhinoceros Party, is based and enjoys its greatest following in Montreal. Though the independence-minded *Parti Québécois* has controlled the provincial legislature for eight years, Quebec has long voted overwhelmingly Liberal in national elections.

This year, however, the province made a stunning about-face. During the past 67 years, the Progressive Conservatives, perceived in Quebec as the party of English-speaking Canada, had carried the province only once, in 1958; in the last election, they managed to win just one of Quebec's 75 seats. Last week they captured 58. The remarkable shift emphasized just how dramatically the political tide in Quebec has turned: after 25 years of mounting autonomist fervor, the urge to unmerge is subsiding. "On the scale of things outdated," wrote Lawrence Martin, a Montreal-based columnist for the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, "separatism finishes only slightly ahead of the Hula-Hoop."

Both nature and culture have long conspired to excite Quebec's yearning for autonomy. As Canada's largest province, with twice the area of Texas and a gross domestic product double that of New Zealand, Quebec is confident that its thick forests and clear mountain lakes afford it the resources to go it alone. As a pocket of Europe, American-style, graced with both fairy-tale cobbled streets and shiny futuristic shopping malls, the province seems already to belong to a different country from Newfoundland or the Yukon.

Capitalizing on this impulse, Provincial Premier René Lévesque, 62, and his *Parti Québécois* have always taken separatism as their driving ambition and rallying cry. The party stormed into power in 1976, as teachers, intellectuals and unionists—drawn from among the 5 million French speakers, who predominate among the province's 6 million residents—rallied behind the secessionist

cause. Before long the new provincial government had enshrined French as Quebec's only official language and forbidden the use of English-language signs even in predominantly English-speaking neighborhoods. Thus a Montreal greasy spoon known as Irv's Light Lunch was rechristened *Chez Irv*.

Perhaps because of such absurdities, the independence movement started to lose momentum. In a 1980 referendum, 60% of *Québécois* voted against granting

bécos minister was found guilty of shoplifting; another legislator was imprisoned for having sex with girls as young as 13.

Most important, in Quebec as in much of North America, conservatism has flourished as political involvement has wilted. These days the young of Montreal would rather discuss the Expos than collective utopian visions. Less and less interested in public service, the new generation seems more and more taken with private enterprise. "The old nationalism, which evokes flags and anthems, is passé," observes Marc Lavallée, a former *Parti Québécois* activist. "But there's another kind of nationalism that insists that Quebec must be competitive, economically and technologically, with the rest of Canada and with the U.S."

That ambition has not been helped by the long recession. Facing an unemployment rate of 13% and the highest taxes in the land, many *Québécois* find secession an expensive notion. "Small is beautiful" is a nice slogan," says Jean Bourbonnais, a student at the University of Montreal. "But with the current economic situation, we cannot afford independence." Convinced that the Liberal government has aggravated these woes by favoring the industries of neighboring Ontario over their own, many Quebec voters may have wanted less to support the Tories than to spite the Liberals.

Over the past two months, Prime Minister John Turner succeeded only in fanning those resentments. While Mulroney wooed his fellow *Québécois* in a slangy provincial patois, the Liberal leader stiffly delivered his French speeches in the studiously correct tones of the Sorbonne. "Turner's the perfect Wasp," notes Lise Bissonnette, editor of the Montreal daily *Le Devoir*. "He looks like a Toronto businessman."

Mulroney, by contrast, took pains to acknowledge the sensitive issue of Quebec's independence, even if he never exactly addressed it. Late in the campaign, he attracted widespread support from the *Parti Québécois* (three Tory candidates were onetime separatist activists). He shrewdly cultivated alliances with such local power brokers as former Labor Negotiator Lucien Bouchard and Senator Arthur Tremblay. And his ads invariably identified him as the "Boy from Baie Comeau." In the end, *Québécois* simply found Mulroney the stronger candidate. "The French in Quebec aren't Martians," says McGill University Professor Daniel Latouche. "Like all Canadians, they're reacting to Turner's gaffes, the Liberals' patronage issue, Mulroney's perfect campaign." That in itself suggests that as the separatist impulse fades, the once single-minded province is increasingly of one mind with the rest of Canada. —By Pico Iyer. Reported by Andrew Phillips and Marion Scott/Montreal

McDonald's
HAMBURGERS



Live le Big Mac: signs of the times in Mulroney's home town

the PQ a mandate for negotiating a system of "sovereignty-association," under which Quebec would enjoy political independence from Ottawa yet still participate in a national economic common market. A poll conducted for a militant group earlier this year revealed that only 6% still supported outright independence. Even the scrappy Lévesque has begun to acknowledge that the issue is losing its drawing power. "Let's be realistic," the diminutive leader said in June. "I don't think that it is the smart thing to emphasize."

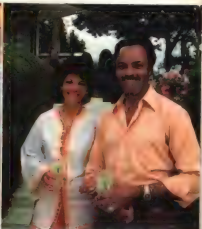
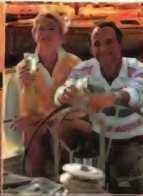
It is not difficult to explain the evaporation of both the issue's urgency and the *Parti Québécois*'s popularity. After 17 years in prominence, the PQ now strikes many young activists as an Establishment body encumbered with all the creaking machinery of a bureaucracy. In addition, scandal has tainted the erstwhile bastion of idealism. One prominent *Parti Qué-*

Rum and Tonic. It's What's Happening.

All across America, people are switching to Puerto Rican white rum because it's smoother than vodka or gin.



For "jazz" skipper John Fisher, there's no better sailing than breezy Marblehead. And no better way to celebrate sailing than with a Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. Crew member Grace Rowe obviously agrees.



Above Seattle's Lake Washington, architect Ray Mezmerweher and wife Barbara enjoy rum and tonic.



La Quinta Hotel's Tennis Club pro Charlie Pasarell, of Puerto Rico, savors a white rum.



At Santa Fe's truly enchanting Rancho Encantado, equestrians Bonni Egan and Leslie Hammel clear the dust of a hot trail with a cool Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. That's Lori Peterson tending the horses.



Santurce, Puerto Rico residents Manny and Nora Castano publish "Caribbean Business." Their drink... rum and tonic.



On the greens of this exquisite Seattle estate, croquet is the order of the day. White Dave and Danita Herbig wait for winners they enjoy another "order of the day" - Puerto Rican white rum and tonic.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year - by law.



Composer Bruce Gilman and wife Nancy, a gourmet caterer, enjoy a warm New England afternoon and a cool white rum and tonic.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO
Aged for smoothness and taste.



World

SOVIET UNION

A Kremlin Entrance, and an Exit

Chernenko, frail and thinner, is back, while a top soldier is out

An awards ceremony at the Kremlin would not normally have attracted so much attention. But when it was leaked that Soviet President Konstantin Chernenko would be presenting medals to three cosmonauts, interest in the ceremony intensified, both in the Soviet bloc and in the West. Would Chernenko, who had been rumored to be seriously ill, really appear? If so, how would he look compared with his last public appearance on July 13? Sure enough, there was the Soviet leader, in a ten-minute film clip of the ceremony that was broadcast over the Soviet evening news last week, going through the usual motions of such occasions. Despite Moscow's attempt to put the rumors to rest, however, Chernenko's reappearance raised about as many questions as it answered.

Chernenko looked tan and thinner, suggesting that he might have really been on a summer vacation, as Soviet officials had claimed. He read a brief address with the same faint and gasping voice as before his absence. But the 72-year-old Soviet leader appeared to have grown more frail. Rather than pinning on the decorations, he simply presented boxed medals to the cosmonauts.

The day after Chernenko walked stiffly back onto center stage, there were more signs and wonders in the Kremlin. The official news agency TASS announced in a tersely worded bulletin that Military Chief of Staff and Deputy Defense Minister Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, 66, had given up his post "in connection with a new appointment." The sudden change caught Western observers and Soviet officials alike completely off guard. Said a Washington military analyst: "It may be really important in terms of the succession struggle, or it may only be turmoil in the armed forces."

The day before the dramatic announcement, Ogarkov had been seen in public at a farewell ceremony for the Finnish Chief of Staff. Exactly a year ago, the marshal had proved to be a confident and tough spokesman for his country when he presented the Soviet explanation for the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007 in an unusual press conference. Such indications of Ogarkov's growing prominence had led many Kremlin watchers to view him as a possible successor to Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov, and there was initial speculation



Chernenko presents a medal to Cosmonaut Svetlana Savitkaya

last week that his "reassignment" might be part of sweeping changes in the leadership, possibly involving Chernenko, that the Kremlin wanted to keep hidden.

Judging from the way the Soviet press covered the news, it seemed more likely that Ogarkov had been abruptly sacked and left in limbo. The official army newspaper *Krasnaya Zvezda* ran a large photograph and biography of the new Chief of Staff, Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, 61, on the front page and relegated Ogarkov to a few lines of tiny print. *Pravda* buried the announcement of his departure on the back page.

A pragmatic professional, Ogarkov joined the army the year before World War II began and rose in the ranks to become his country's highest military officer in 1977. The marshal is known to have clashed on several occasions with

the conservative Soviet military establishment, and the consensus among the British government's top Soviet specialists was that he had fallen from grace primarily because of a longstanding dispute over weaponry. Ogarkov, they said, had strongly argued the case for concentrating Soviet efforts on the development of advanced weapons that could match the American arsenal, while the majority of Soviet commanders still favored building up a huge numerical predominance in arms.

Some U.S. analysts speculate that the marshal may have got the boot because he was too staunch an advocate of arms-control negotiations with the U.S. Ogarkov served as the Soviet Union's chief military representative to the first round of Strategic Arms Limitation Talks at a time when the Soviet leadership was convinced of the need to check American advances in weaponry at the negotiating table. Ogarkov is thought to have pushed for the start of talks in Vienna this fall on limiting the arms race in space, but he may have run up against opposition from his boss, Ustinov,

and Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, who have all but given up on negotiations for the time being. Ogarkov may have also been singled out as the scapegoat for the Kremlin's failure to halt the deployment of new U.S.-built intermediate-range missiles in Europe, or he may have been blamed for the increasingly costly war in Afghanistan.

The Kremlin passed over more senior-ranking officers and chose Akhromeyev, Ogarkov's longtime deputy and a former tank commander, as his replacement. Like Ogarkov, the new Chief of Staff represents a younger generation of better-educated officers who, in the words of a Washington analyst, are "not frightened by computers and technology." U.S. Congressmen who met Akhromeyev in Moscow last year describe him as "a tough, hard-nosed, thoroughly professional officer, who was clearly the man in charge."

If the world was puzzled by everything that was going on in Moscow, there was no mood of crisis in the Soviet capital. The two younger Politburo members who are most frequently mentioned as possible successors to Chernenko certainly did not seem to be worried. Grigori Romanov, 61, flew off to attend a function in Ethiopia, and Mikhail Gorbachev, 53, left on an official visit to neighboring Bulgaria. They would hardly have left town if a power struggle were under way in the Kremlin. —By John Kahan, Reported by Erik Amfiltheatral/Moscow



Coming in: Akhromeyev



Going out: Ogarkov



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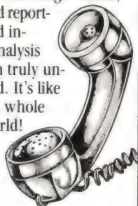
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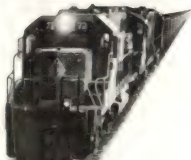


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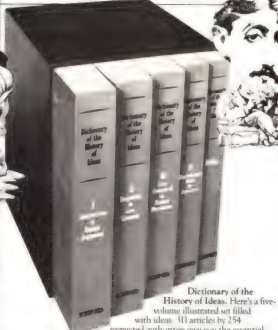
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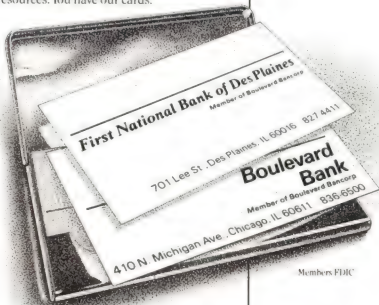
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World

EAST-WEST

Succumbing to Moscow's Pressure

Honecker loses his tug of war and postpones his trip

The East German delegation arrived punctually at the Chancellery offices in Bonn last Tuesday morning to negotiate final details of the visit to West Germany by East German Communist Party Leader Erich Honecker. At similar regular sessions during the past three months, the four East German envoys and their West German counterparts had agreed that Honecker would meet with West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl at a health spa hotel. They had even decided that the Wiebelskirchen musical corps would serenade the East German leader at his birthplace in the Saarland. With the visit less than a month away, they had come to discuss the wording of the final communiqué that both German leaders would issue at the end of the trip.

Just as the negotiations were about to begin, Philipp Jenninger, the head of the West German delegation, asked East Berlin's envoy to Bonn, Ewald Moldt, to step into his office for a private chat. Jenninger asked the East German if rumors that Honecker might not be coming to West Germany on Sept. 26 were true. Replied Moldt awkwardly: "The timing of the visit is no longer realistic." "Thus came the earliest official word that the first visit by an East German Communist Party leader to West Germany had been postponed—perhaps indefinitely.

Moldt released a statement later vaguely hinting that "many questions are still open." But the rest of the message effectively dampened speculation that the Honecker trip would be rescheduled any time soon. The East German diplomat expressed no regrets for the last-minute cancellation. Instead he blamed the West Germans, charging that "the style and public dispute about this visit in the Federal Republic have been extremely degrading and detrimental."

The Western world had a different opinion of who was responsible. The left-of-center Rome daily *La Repubblica* summed up the reaction in the bold headline THE HAWKS OF MOSCOW HAVE WON! The West German tabloid *Bild* carried a similar refrain: HONECKER, NYET! Said a top-ranking U.S. official: "This has got to impress everyone in the East bloc. They all want more autonomy, but the message from Moscow is that there are limits."

Few Western observers doubted that pressure from the Soviet Union was the main factor behind the decision. Suspense had been building for weeks about the East German leader's visit. The Soviet Union had made clear, in a virulent propaganda campaign against the West Germans, that Honecker ought to think twice about seeking to improve relations with Bonn. The shrill tone of the attacks left no doubt that Moscow expected East Berlin



Honecker: the timing was not realistic

to support to the full the Soviet hard line against the deployment of new U.S.-built missiles in Western Europe.

In recent months Moscow's guidance to the East-bloc satellites has not always been clear, and even Czechoslovak officials have complained about fuzzy communications with the Kremlin. "The Soviets are very insecure right now," said a West German expert on Soviet affairs. "They feel a need to impress discipline on Eastern Europe. Just as they have decided to retreat from world affairs for the moment, they want their minions to do the same."

For a time, it had seemed that Honecker was torn between a desire to pursue closer ties with his neighbor to the

west and still keep the peace with his allies to the east. But as one Soviet watcher in Bonn observed: "The question 'Will Honecker come or will he not come?' appeared like a tug of war between the Soviet Union and East Germany, and that is a tug of war that the Soviet Union could not lose." In retrospect, Western observers were surprised that Honecker had held out against Moscow as long as he did. With as many as 380,000 Soviet soldiers stationed on its soil, East Germany has never had much room to maneuver. But then, Honecker has never shown any willingness to challenge the Kremlin openly, either.

The thaw between Bonn and East Berlin this year has contrasted with the deepening chill between the superpowers. Honecker has seemed intent on pursuing détente despite the U.S.-Soviet deadlock. An unprecedented number of political and cultural delegations have exchanged visits across a barbed-wire border that was virtually impenetrable. So far this year, West German banks have extended credits, backed by Bonn, totaling \$330 million to East Germany, which, in turn, has eased some restrictions on travel and allowed more than 30,000 of its citizens to emigrate to the West. Thus, even if the news that Honecker had postponed his trip was not entirely unexpected, it still hit people on both sides of the border with a jolt.

The blow fell hardest on the East Germans, who were still resentful over the Soviet-led boycott of the Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Faces visibly dropped as news of the canceled visit passed down a line of pensioners waiting at the Friedrichstrasse border crossing in East Berlin. "Have you heard?" said one elderly woman. "The trip is off." Holding back tears, her companion replied, "I knew it." Reacting later, an outspoken young East German writer offered a more bitter as-



Westerners look east across the Berlin Wall covered with graffiti

The barrier at the center of Soviet fears about German reunification.

World

essment: "Honecker has bowed to Soviet pressure again." Explained a Western official in the East German capital: "There is almost nothing more important in East Germany than contacts between East and West. The postponement is almost a national tragedy. It hurts, and confirms the sense among the people of their own powerlessness and ability to be manipulated."

West Germans were eager to interpret every statement from East Berlin last week in the most positive light. Still, the Kohl government could not hide its disappointment at the turn of events. "The momentum from both sides seemed to be just right for the visit," said a Western diplomat. "Now a lot of air has been let out of the balloon." West German Negotiator Jenninger said he expected that "dialogue wanted by both sides" will continue. He challenged the East German explanation that "public dispute" over the trip in the West had forced Honecker to stay home.

Some politicians in Bonn were not so ready to let the government off the hook. Former Chancellor Willy Brandt, chairman of the opposition Social Democratic Party and architect of Bonn's *Ostpolitik* in the late 1960s, denounced the "garrulous dilettantism" of Kohl's coalition. Christian Democratic Coalition Parliamentary Leader Alfred Dregger was singled out for blame. He had angered the East Germans by bluntly stating in an interview with the conservative daily *Die Welt* that "our future does not depend upon whether Herr Honecker pays us the honor of his visit." The East German Communist Party daily *Neues Deutschland* labeled the remarks "scandalous and provocative abuse" and added that Honecker "in the face of such developments is not pushing for a visit to the Federal Republic."

For several weeks, the Soviet press has aimed a steady barrage of criticism at the Bonn government, openly accusing some West Germans of seeking to fulfill Hitler's dream of changing Europe's bor-



Kohl: the momentum seemed to be right

ders. The propaganda onslaught reflected the Kremlin's frustration over its failure to block the deployment of the Pershing II missiles in West Germany, but it also fed on deep-rooted fears about the reunification of Germany. Last week *Pravda* accused Kohl of supporting German groups that oppose the postwar division of Europe. "The imperialist circles in West Germany," the official Communist Party daily declared, "are now dreaming of the liquidation of East Germany—if not today, then tomorrow." *Pravda* published an equally harsh attack on General Hans-Joachim Mack, NATO's Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, noting that "European nations remember perfectly well what these typically German generals brought them 45 years ago." There have been no signs that the campaign is about to let up.

At first, the Honecker regime tried to downplay the anti-German hysteria and even cautiously challenged Moscow with

editorials in *Neues Deutschland* that supported a policy of détente with the West. During the past two weeks, however, the East Germans have begun to echo Moscow in accusing West Germany of "revanchism," the desire to restore the boundaries that existed before World War II. In Leipzig, students returning for the first day of school were asked to display pictures that they had drawn of tanks protecting their homeland from the West. Stories began to spread that Honecker would have to endure insults and would be pelted with eggs and tomatoes if he made the trip.

The West Germans knew something was amiss when Honecker avoided making any comments about East-West relations during a noticeably short visit to a West German exhibition at the Leipzig Trade Fair early last week. Said a Bonn official who watched the puzzling performance: "That was not the look of a man about to go West." A West German environmentalist who met with Honecker shortly after the decision to postpone the trip was made public said that the East German leader had complained about the "gross insults" he had received from Bonn. But Honecker also expressed his continuing determination to "limit the damage" from the arms race in Europe. Said a U.S. official: "He took it as far as he could, and then decided that this was not the time to press ahead."

Given that West Germany continues to be the Soviet Union's largest trading partner in the West, Honecker could hardly be faulted for seeking closer economic ties with Bonn. The taciturn East German leader, perhaps, also had his sights set on higher things. After 13 years in power, Honecker may have hoped that a visit to West Germany would enhance his reputation as an international leader and boost his nation's prestige abroad, at the same time sending a signal to the Kremlin of a desire for more independence.

Moscow is not ready to take the same risk with East Germany. Honecker bent under pressure from the Kremlin this time, but the Soviets cannot be certain that they will have their way.

"One must not underestimate the great bond between East Germany and the Soviet Union," said a West European diplomat in Moscow last week. "But East Germany is going to grow up. It is intensifying its policies toward the West to emphasize its sovereignty."

If so, Moscow can expect further troubles ahead as its East European allies strive for greater maturity. Honecker is not the only Warsaw Pact leader with wanderlust. Bulgarian Chief Todor Zhivkov had been scheduled to visit Bonn this month but his trip was cancelled after the Honecker announcement. Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu has announced that he plans to visit Bonn in October, although Moscow might have other plans. —By John Kohan. Reported by Erik Amft/teatrot/Moscow and Gary Lee/Bonn



Two newly deployed Pershing II missiles on West German soil near Hellbrom

The object of the Kremlin's shrillness and its demand for East Berlin's support.

NORTH AFRICA

Odd Bedfellows*A marriage angers the U.S.*

It was as if a favorite daughter had eloped with a roué, leaving her parents bewildered and angry. So it was that Ahmed Reda Guedira, a royal counselor to King Hassan II of Morocco, faced a decidedly frosty reception in Washington last week when he visited Vice President George Bush, Secretary of State George Shultz and other Administration officials. A month ago the conservative Hassan, long a staunch U.S. ally, had suddenly initiated a treaty of friendship with Libya's radical strongman Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, Washington's Public Enemy No. 1. Officially the State Department admitted to being "surprised" by the improbable marriage; privately it fumed.



The radical colonel

The conservative monarch

In an attempt to soothe those wounded feelings, Guedira last week reiterated that the King had been the moving and controlling force in the partnership and that Hassan, after more than a decade of swapping insults and threats with Gaddafi, had every hope of taming his mercurial new friend. In addition, said Guedira, the pact between the two countries would bolster Morocco's military strength against such inimical neighbors as Algeria and Tunisia without in any way jeopardizing its friendship with the U.S. But Administration officials, who now fear that arms and funds sent to Morocco may fall into the hands of Libya, remained unconvinced. In effect, admitted one senior official, "the U.S. read Guedira the riot act."

The unlikely liaison scattered diplomatic sparks in many directions. Washington dispatched roving Ambassador Vernon Walters to Rabat to warn Hassan that an angry Congress might now try to block the \$140 million in military and economic aid earmarked for Morocco in fiscal 1985. French President François Mitterrand sent a minister to Algeria and another to Chad; he himself dashed off to Rabat to see whether the new alliance could be of help in settling French differences with Libya in Chad. Even Syrian President Hafez Assad, who has not left his country since a serious heart attack ten

months ago, traveled to Tripoli for what was reportedly a stormy confrontation with Gaddafi.

Washington had clearly lost face by not knowing that a marriage was in the making. Its anguish was only increased by the treaty's probable terms. According to some reports, Hassan has promised to lend Libya some 30,000 of his crack troops in the event of another Israeli war. He may also start handing back Libyan dissidents (he is said to have already returned one leading anti-Gaddafi agitator, Omar Meheishi, to almost certain imprisonment). Worst of all, in Washington's eyes, the King's handshake gives Gaddafi, a leader who has openly exported terrorism, a measure of respectability.

In return, the advantages for Morocco are contingent upon the good faith of the maverick Libyan. Gaddafi apparently promised Hassan that he would end his substantial assistance to the 3,500 Marxist rebels, known as the Polisario Front, who have been trying since 1976 to wrest control of the Western Sahara from Morocco in a conflict that has been draining Hassan's economy. Libya could also offer money and jobs to Morocco, which is crippled by an unemployment rate of at least 20% and an \$11 billion foreign debt. Politically, the agreement serves as a defiant rejoinder to the 1983 alliance of Algeria, Mauritania and Tunisia, from which both Libya and Morocco were conspicuously excluded. But

on both sides the reasoning behind the wedding may be more cynical. "Gaddafi thinks he can infiltrate the country and try to overthrow Hassan," said Abdel Hamid Bakkush, secretary-general of the Cairo-based Libyan Liberation Organization. "Hassan thinks he can prevent that while taking Gaddafi's money." Noted a British diplomat in the Middle East: "It is a marriage of convenience." It is also a very dangerous game in which Gaddafi has little to lose and Hassan everything if he overconfidently believes he can control his new partner.

Many onlookers expect that the odd bedfellows will soon have a falling-out. Libya has courted its Arab neighbors six times before (Egypt and the Sudan twice each, Syria and Tunisia once), and six times the engagements have fallen through. Only last week the ever restless Gaddafi sent an envoy to Cairo with the aim of extracting from Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak "even a hint" of willingness to annul the Egypt-Israel peace treaty. In return, Gaddafi was offering a \$5 billion bribe. Mubarak refused to see the Libyan envoy, only too aware that three times in the past year the erratic colonel had sent emissaries of good will to Cairo. On each of these occasions, his promises were followed within a week by treacherous attacks.

—By Pico Iyer.

Reported by Philip Ffrenchman/Cairo and Johanna McGeary/Washington

ISRAEL

Unity at Last*A Labor-Likud agreement*

As Labor Party Chairman Shimon Peres and outgoing Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir emerged from a private meeting last Wednesday morning, reporters asked them the crucial question: After almost five weeks of negotiation, had Labor and the ruling Likud bloc agreed to form a government of national unity? Replied Shamir: "Almost."

That was good news for the Israeli public, which had been waiting for weeks for something to happen. Ever since the July elections, in which Labor won 44 seats and Likud 41, Peres had been trying to put together a government. But neither he nor Shamir, the head of Likud, had managed to attract enough support from the country's smaller parties to assemble the necessary bloc of 61 or more seats in the 120-member Knesset. From the beginning there had been talk of forming a unity government between the two major parties. Last week, despite a flurry of last-minute hitches, the two sides actually seemed to have brought it off, and the new government is expected to take over this week.

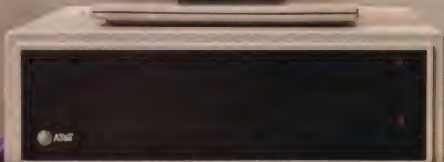
Under the plan, Peres, 61, will serve as Prime Minister for the first 25 months, while Shamir will become Acting Prime Minister and Foreign Minister. During the next 25 months after that, assuming that the government holds together, the two men will exchange jobs. Yitzhak Rabin, who was Labor Prime Minister from 1974 to 1977, will serve as Defense Minister during the full 50-month term, and the Finance Ministry will go to a Likud member, probably outgoing Energy Minister Yitzhak Moda'i. Former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon, who was a Minister Without Portfolio in the Shamir government, was said to be interest-



Peres takes a break between meetings

"It will be an interesting experiment."

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World

ed in either Finance or Agriculture, but announced late last week that he would become Minister of Industry and Trade.

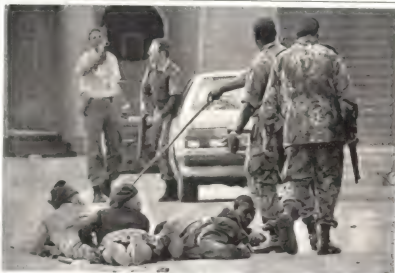
The burning question was not whether a unity government would work—Israel had had such a government from 1967 to 1970—but whether this one would be strong enough to deal with the urgent problems facing the country. Even Peres sounded only partly convincing when he noted guardedly, "It will be an interesting experiment." Some were openly skeptical. "It's not a government," declared Mordechai Virshubski of the small Shinui Party. "It's a constitutional catastrophe." Several of the small parties in the Knesset have agreed to support the coalition. But the far left and the far right oppose the plan, and Mapam, a tiny leftist party, has threatened to pull its six members out of the Labor alignment if the unity government is formed. But the majority of Knesset members probably agreed with outgoing Transport Minister Haim Corfu, who noted, "Labor and Likud are not getting together because they want to, but because of the difficult reality posed by the economy."

That reality includes an annual inflation rate of 400%, dangerously low foreign-currency reserves of \$2.6 billion and a rising unemployment rate of 5.9%. The new government's first steps may include a slashing of public expenditures, a freeze on prices and wages and possibly a major devaluation. Labor and Likud have agreed to press for a full withdrawal of Israeli forces from southern Lebanon as soon as possible. Most difficult will be the question of Jewish settlements in the West Bank, which Labor wanted to freeze and Likud wanted to keep building and expanding. The parties have agreed to construct five of 27 previously approved settlements during the next year and to postpone decisions on other settlement questions. Future Israeli participation in any U.S.-sponsored peace initiative will require the support of both Labor and Likud and thus may not be possible to achieve.

Why is it sometimes so hard for either major Israeli party to form a government? Part of the explanation lies in the fact that under present law a political party needs to receive only 1% of the popular vote in order to win a Knesset seat. Thus in the July elections, 15 parties won parliamentary seats, but 13 of these had a total of only 35 seats. As a modest step toward reducing the inordinate power and influence of the small groups, some Israelis favor raising the minimum support required of a party from 1% to 3% of the vote. In the past, Labor and Likud have both been reluctant to press for such a change because they have needed the support of the small parties. Under a unity government, however, they will not need this support and may at last feel free to carry out this badly needed reform.

—By William E. Smith.

Reported by Robert Slater/Jerusalem



Policemen, both black and white, guard some suspected looters

SOUTH AFRICA

Season of Black Rage

Bombs and riots greet the new constitution

It was supposed to be a time of ceremony and celebration, as South Africa admitted nonwhite members to its national Parliament and prepared to swear into office its first executive State President, Prime Minister Pieter W. Botha, who now becomes head of both state and government. Instead the week will be remembered for the worst wave of violence to sweep the country in eight years. It was an ominous welcome to the new "reform" constitution, which grants a measure of political power to South Africa's Indian and so-called colored, or mixed-race, minorities but none whatever to the blacks, who make up 73% of the nation's population.

On the very day that the country's new constitution went into effect, rioting broke out in several black residential areas outside Johannesburg, the country's largest city. A major site of the trouble was Sharpeville, the township where in 1960 South African police fired machine guns into a crowd of peaceful demonstrators, killing 69 blacks. This time, angry crowds set buildings on fire and threw stones at police in troop carriers, while air force helicopters hovered overhead. After police had moved in with tear gas and attack dogs, they found a scene of death and devastation. Four blacks had been strangled, apparently at random, by rampaging youths. Police also found the body of Sharpeville's black deputy mayor, Sam Dlamini, who had been hacked to death on the front steps of his home. Police suspected that he might have been murdered simply because he represented authority. By week's end at least 31 people had been killed in all of the troubled black townships, and 300 had been injured.

As in the case of the 1976 rioting in Soweto and other black areas, in which about 500 people were killed, the immediate cause of last week's troubles was not explicitly racial. The government had recently announced an increase in rents and electricity rates in the black townships, enraging local residents, who complain that they are already hard pressed. But other, more specifically political motives may also have been involved. In Evaton township, for instance, 45 Indian shops and houses were burned to the ground, leading to speculation that blacks were furious about Indian participation in the recent parliamentary elections. As it happened, fewer than 20% of the country's registered Indian voters and only 30% of the mixed-race voters had even bothered to go to the polls.

Last week's unrest was not restricted to the black townships. A bomb ripped through the Johannesburg offices of the Department of Internal Affairs, injuring four people. It was the latest in a series of terrorist acts that have afflicted the city since June 15, the eve of the anniversary of the Soweto riots. Two days later another explosion hit an electrical substation 65 miles to the northwest of the city. At almost the same time, police discovered a powerful limpet mine, made of plastic explosives, that had been placed in the building that houses the Rand Supreme Court in downtown Johannesburg. Bomb-disposal experts carried the device to the lawn outside the building, where it was detonated, blowing out plate-glass windows and buckling leaded glass in one courtroom. —By William E. Smith. Reported by Marsh Clark/Johannesburg

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World Notes

JAPAN

Ritual of Reconciliation



In Tokyo: Chuan and Hirohito

When South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan traveled to Tokyo last week on an unprecedented three-day state visit, one question hung over the proceedings: Would Emperor Hirohito, symbol to many Koreans of a catalog of Japanese misdeeds, apologize for the brutal annexation of Korea in 1910 and the savage measures imposed during World War II, when Japan deliberately starved the Korean people and dispatched more than 1 million to Japan as forced laborers? On the first evening of the visit, Hirohito cleared the air. "It is indeed regrettable that there was an unfortunate past between us for a period in this century, and I believe it should not be repeated," said the 83-year-old Emperor at a sumptuous banquet in Chun's honor.

Diplomats will undoubtedly argue over whether Hirohito's statement actually constituted an apology. But the display of Japanese contrition, later reinforced by an eloquent apology by Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone, clearly satisfied Chun. The South Korean President cited an old Korean proverb: "The ground hardens after a rainfall," meaning that close friends become even closer after a quarrel.

CHILE

A Chorus of Discontent

Six times last year and once in late March, opponents of the authoritarian regime of General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte have held demonstrations. Each time, the protests have ended in bloodshed, with a total of at least 110 dead. Last week the broad-based opposition tried another approach: as part of its effort to provoke a national strike, it called on Chileans to assemble in city and town squares to sing the national anthem and then quickly disperse. Pinochet was in no mood for music. Even before the singing had begun in Santiago's main square, police equipped with submachine guns, dogs, clubs and water cannons charged the crowd of 5,000. The confrontation set off two days of brutal clashes between police and protesters in slums and on university campuses that left nine people dead and as many as 140 injured. About 900 were arrested.

Pinochet, who last month announced that he will not proceed with plans to call elections for Congress, seemed unmoved by the signs of growing discontent. The government imposed censorship on two radio stations and sued three magazines for supporting the protests. It has also threatened to hold the organizers legally responsible for the deaths.

ZIMBABWE

Answering a Bishop's Prayers

"I had been expecting a miracle," said Bishop Abel Muzorewa, 59, one of Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's sternest critics. After ten months of confinement at a detention center, the diminutive bishop had his prayers answered last week when, at the recommendation of a review tribunal, Mugabe agreed to his

release. Muzorewa, who is head of the Zimbabwe branch of the U.S.-based United Methodist Church, leader of the United African National Council and a Member of Parliament, was Prime Minister of the country for six months before independence in April 1980.

The bishop was jailed by Mugabe for "subversive activities" after returning from a visit to Israel and declaring that oppression in Zimbabwe was greater than it had been under white minority rule. The strongly anti-Zionist Mugabe promptly accused Muzorewa of trying to overthrow the government. The bishop is now free to resume political activities and is expected to campaign in next year's general election. But he has been warned of a condition to his freedom: no more mixing politics with religion.

THE GULF

A Sweeping Conclusion

After several tankers and cargo carriers were damaged by mines floating in the Red Sea earlier this summer, the navies of Britain, Italy, France and the U.S. sent ships to help Egypt and Saudi Arabia sweep their waters clean. Curiously, the extensive international search effort, involving some two dozen vessels and helicopters, has failed to find any mines. Nonetheless, according to the intelligence department of Lloyd's of London, 18 ships were damaged by mines between July 9 and Aug. 15. The U.S. plans to wind up its part of the operation this week, barring any new developments. "We gave it a full-court press," says a U.S. Navy spokesman, "and we just didn't come up with anything."

It is expected that the other nations involved in the mine-sweeping will also pull out shortly. Who laid the mines? Most speculation centers on Libya, partly because of the circuitous route of a Libyan cargo ship that lingered in the waters for two weeks in early July. Another mystery is also puzzling naval experts: If no mines have been recovered, why have there been no explosions for more than three weeks?

DISASTERS

Torn by Wind and Water

In the Philippines it was a roaring typhoon; in Korea, a torrent of rain. Together, wind and water left a trail of misery last week that stunned even those Asians long inured to natural disasters. Typhoon Ike hit the southern Philippine coast with gusts of over 120 m.p.h., leaving a path of destruction that reached into the northern tip of Mindanao and pummeled the islands of Cebu, Negros and Panay. The storm left more than 2,000 dead and 200,000 homeless before moving across the South China Sea to northeastern Thailand, causing several more deaths and extensive flooding. Total damage in the Philippines was estimated at \$100 million.

From the South Korean capital of Seoul to the country's central region, rain gushed like waterfalls off rocky hillsides, unleashing mud slides that left 139 dead, more than 100 injured and as many as 207,000 homeless. After a week of frantic digging through the rubble by troops and rescue workers, 45 people are still missing and feared dead. Material losses are estimated to be \$48 million. The timing of the storm was a tragic coincidence for South Koreans: it began on Sept. 1, the first anniversary of the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007 by a Soviet jet fighter over Sakhalin Island.



Wounded demonstrator



Flooded streets in Seoul

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Tom Wilson
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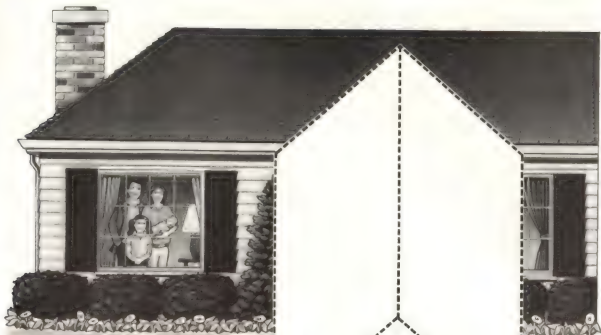
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Taking It on the Road

Portables turn up on bikes, bleachers and battlefields

Rock-'n'-Roll Drummer Mickey Hart of the Grateful Dead takes one along on road trips, tapping out messages between performances. Space Shuttle Trainee Loren Acton has his along when he leaves Sunnyvale, Calif., for the Kennedy Space Center, using it to draft memos and read mail. New York Photographer Rick Smolan carries one on photo assignments, putting him in contact with cameramen all around the world. Physician Andrew Bern relies on his to get patient information in medical emergencies. Says Bern: "I don't go anywhere without it. Some day it will save lives."

What do doctor, drummer, photographer and astronaut have in common? None of them would leave home without his portable computer. Propped on knees and lapped and fold-down trays, these marvels of miniaturization are turning up in the most familiar places: planes, buses, restaurants, at the track and on the campaign trail. Portable computers have shrunk in three years from the size of sewing machines to no bigger than a TV dinner, and in some circles they have become as ubiquitous as wristwatch calculators, headphone stereos and beepers. According to Dataquest, a California research firm, Americans this year will pay \$400 to \$3,000 each for some 470,000 lap-size computers, up from 10,000 two years ago. Within four years, says Dataquest, sales of portables will be growing faster than those of their desktop big brothers.

Until now, truly portable computers have been too limited or too expensive to attract a mass market. Early hand-held machines were glorified calculators with one-line screens. The first full-screen model, Grid Systems' Compass computer, cost \$8,150 when it was introduced in 1982. But falling prices for both flat-panel

display screens and computer chips that require little energy have made lap-size computers affordable. Last year Seattle-based Microsoft and Japan's Kyocera came up with the first winner: an eight-line screen with a full-size keyboard that could be sold with built-in software for less than \$800. Marketed in slightly different models by Radio Shack, NEC and Olivetti, the machine was an instant hit. Hewlett-Packard and Epson have already introduced "laptops" that boast even more advanced features, and Data General is set to launch a machine next week that shows 25 lines of text.

Selling take-me-along machines is not without its risks, however. The market is littered with portables that never quite took off. In July, Convergent Technologies halted production on its Workslate computer, a \$1,000 laptop with built-in financial-planning software. Gavilan Computers, which has introduced two different models aimed at traveling executives, is now scrambling for survival. Complains Convergent President Allen Michels: "The market for portable business computers just isn't there, at any price."

Nonetheless, lightweight machines that can be used for writing and telephone communications have caught on with at least one group of influential users: the press. According to some estimates, as many as half of Radio Shack's bestselling TRS-80 Model 100 portables have

been sold to journalists. This year, laptops are being issued to reporters at nearly every U.S. news organization, including United Press International, Associated Press, the New York Times, the Washington Post, TIME and Newsweek.

The popularity of portables among working reporters is easy to explain. Most models are sufficiently rugged to pack in briefcases and shoulder bags. Battery powered, they can be used anywhere, from bleachers to battlefields. And many come equipped with built-in phone jacks to send copy directly to newsroom computers. Says U.P.I. Reporter David Armon: "I used to have to write stories in longhand and dictate them over the phone. Now I just bang them out, press a button and off they go." Lynn Sherr, who covers Vice-Presidential Candidate Geraldine Ferraro for ABC News, uses her Model 100 to transmit scripts to producers in New York City before she reads them on the air.

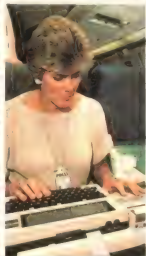
Even reporters, though, complain that the machines have their drawbacks. Some models hold only ten pages of text at a time, and most lack printers and disc drives for storing longer stories. All have dim screens that require good lighting conditions, and their clicking keys are far more distracting than the scratching of pen on paper. Seattle Writer Hal Glatzer was nearly thrown out of a seminar on portable computers when he refused to muffle the noise of his note taking.

But most people show more interest than irritation, especially in their first encounters with microchip technology. "There is a lot of prestige attached to the machines," says Glatzer. "When you reach into your briefcase and pull out a little computer, people know you are really plugged into high technology."

When reporters covering Jesse Jackson's trip to Cuba last June brought their portables to Havana, Cubans clustered

around the keyboards with undisguised fascination. Americans are no less intrigued, reports Travel Writer Steve Roberts. He has pedaled 6,800 miles around the U.S. on a custom-built reclining bicycle that he calls his Winnebiko. Roberts first wrote his stories on a Radio Shack portable but recently switched to a Hewlett-Packard model. He also uses the machine to send his reports to magazines and newspapers. At every stop, the curious gather to gawk. Says he: "I have become an agent of future shock."

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt.
Reported by Michael Mertz/
San Francisco and John E.
Yang/Washington



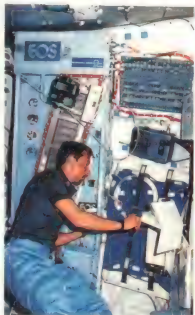
ABC's Sherr reporting on Ferraro

Space

"We've Got a Good Bird There"

Overcoming glitches, Discovery makes a spectacular debut

A blood-red sun was just peeking over the eastern ridge of California's Mojave Desert when the space shuttle *Discovery* began to descend like a silver hawk in search of prey. As it shattered the sound barrier, a thundering crack! seemed to rend the sky in two, and a cheer swelled from the crowd below. Within minutes the ship had rolled to a halt along the right side of the runway at Edwards Air Force Base, kicking up massive clouds of dust. Not since the landing of the first shuttle had NASA officials been so openly emotional. Said Mission Commander Hank Hartsfield: "We've got a good bird there."



Charles Walker creating drugs in space

The crew had every right to be proud. With that uneventful touchdown, NASA could claim a strikingly successful debut for *Discovery*, the newest member of its three-shuttle fleet. For six exhausting days on Flight 41D, six astronauts tackled the busiest shuttle agenda ever, twice staying up past their assigned bedtimes to troubleshoot glitches. Every task, however, from knocking a pesky hunk of ice off the ship's hull to operating manually a drug-making machine that was supposed to be controlled by computers, was completed on time.

NASA needed the triumph. To the dismay of space officials, the maiden launch of *Discovery* had been postponed three times. The original takeoff date of June 25 was put off when a back-up computer

refused to answer a command. The next day a fuel valve faltered 4 sec. before blast-off, again delaying the mission. Then, on Aug. 28, the day before the third scheduled launch, a NASA engineer discovered that the computer charged with the last-minute double-checking of equipment might miss some critical signals. Blast-off was deferred for 24 hrs., as computer programmers scrambled to write a "patch" over the errant software instructions. Even on the successful launch date, Aug. 30, *Discovery's* crew marked time for 7 min. while three wandering private planes were chased away from the Cape



Solar sail extended to its full 102 ft.

Canaveral area. Said Shuttle Operations Director Thomas Utman: "I had a feeling that a black cloud was following us."

The gloom quickly vanished when the black-and-white bird finally arced through the bluest skies that shuttle watchers had ever seen. Hours later the crew got down to work, releasing a Satellite Business Systems Comsat, the first of three communications devices to be deployed. The 1,069-lb. cylinder, to the intense relief of everyone involved, went toward its proper geosynchronous orbit 22,300 miles above earth without a hitch: the payload assist module (PAM) used for the launching was the same kind of device that had shoved two satellites into uselessly low orbits last February. A sec-

ond satellite was sprung successfully on Friday, this one employing the new so-called Frisbee launcher. The mechanism, designed especially for the shuttle, acts as an Olympian wrist, snapping off the satellite from the cargo bay in a slow spin that quickens to 30 r.p.m. once in space. The following day, a PAM-driven A T & T satellite was set free. Said Mission Control as the last cylinder twirled into the void: "That's three for three."

Astronaut Judith Resnik, the second American woman in space (Sally Ride was the first on the seventh shuttle flight last year), went to bat next to test an experimental solar sail. While her abundant curls, freed of the tethers of gravity, rose in serpentine locks around her face, Resnik manipulated the controls to unveil the sail, a 102-ft.-high, 13.5-ft.-wide array of solar cells. To test the sail's durability,



Astronaut Judy Resnik and her zero-g locks

Resnik extended the accordion-like array to about three-quarters and then out to its full height, making it the largest structure ever deployed in space. Laser diodes detected the sail's tiniest vibrations. Marveling one astronaut as he gazed through a window at the sail, sitting like a giant fan atop the ship: "It's beautiful, gold-looking out there."

The work of Payload Specialist Charles Walker was less of a smooth sail. An engineer with McDonnell Douglas, Walker was the first employee of a U.S. firm to venture into space, a paying passenger whose ticket cost \$80,000. His job was to monitor a secret electrophoresis experiment in the gravity-free environment, which would create a mysterious new hormone for a division of Johnson &

Johnson. The substance was reported to be a key to the manufacture of a superinsulin. The equipment for the complicated test, packed in a box the size of a refrigerator, employed an electric current to separate chemicals 400 times as fast and make them 700 times as pure as could be done on earth. For the first two days, however, the device repeatedly broke down and Walker finally had to bypass the computers and reactivate the machine himself. Although precious production time had been lost, Walker was still able to finish with about 83% of the anticipated quantity of the needed medical material. Said James Rose of McDonnell Douglas: "It was Charlie's presence that made the difference."

Human intervention was also necessary when a giant snowball began forming outside the ship. For unknown reasons, waste water dumped into space crystallized around the ship's disposal nozzles. NASA feared that the 20-lb frozen chunks might break off during re-entry, damaging the orbiter's protective shell of tiles. Although the shuttle's space toilet, which has a reputation for breaking down and clogging up, seemingly had nothing to do with the ice, NASA told the male astronauts to use old-fashioned "doggie bags" rather than the privy, to avoid adding to the snowball. The shuttle was turned toward the sun in an attempt to melt the ice, and the steering rockets were fired to try shaking it off. Neither exercise worked. At last Mission Commander Hartsfield, guided by radioed instructions from Ride, who had successfully tested the shuttle's 50-ft. remote-control arm during her pioneering flight, maneuvered that robotic device to knock the hunk off. At Houston's Mission Control, the *Discovery* crew members were promptly dubbed the Ice Busters of 41D. On landing day, one final problem developed when two oxygen tanks began to leak. But possible trouble was quickly averted by switching to two back-up tanks.

With the *Discovery* flight over, NASA announced that it planned to fly one ship each month for the rest of this year and eleven in 1985. A jubilant President Reagan has declared that the first nonpaying private passenger of some future shuttle would be an elementary or secondary school teacher. Still, NASA will not rule the skies uncontested; if anything, the competition aloft* is growing more fierce: the European Space Agency is becoming an increasingly aggressive contender for commercial cargo and the Pentagon is planning to divert some of its space payloads to its own expendable rockets. But despite some past stumbling, NASA officials vow to prevail. The proud new ship *Discovery* has shown them the way. —By Natalie Angler. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate/Edwards Air Force Base and Jerry Hannifin/Houston

*Aboard the Soviet Salyut station last week, three cosmonauts passed the record of 211 consecutive days in space.



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Breaking the Spell of Hypnosis

Courts are limiting the work of police "Svengali squads"

It has happened to every veteran detective a hundred times. The officer is interviewing a rape or assault victim who he knows got a good hard look at the person who committed the crime. But it all happened too quickly or was too traumatic. The victim cannot quite remember.

Until recently such situations prompted many police departments to call in the "Svengali squads," the teams of specially trained police hypnotists that sprang up across the country in the '70s. Pioneered by the Los Angeles police department, the widespread use of hypno-investigators led to hundreds of convictions, many of them in cases where battered rape victims blocked out memory of the crimes. Even the FBI trained some of its agents in hypnosis. But the courts have not been so mesmerized. In recent years a number of state supreme courts have declared that hypnotically induced testimony is inherently unreliable and should not be admitted in criminal trials, since a hypnotized subject is as likely to concoct fantastic hallucinations as he is to recall true events.

Now one more tribunal, the North Carolina Supreme Court, has joined the chorus. Two weeks ago, the North Carolina justices disallowed the statements of a man who testified against his co-defendant in a robbery case and had his memory jogged by hypnosis. The decision will almost certainly mean freedom for four defendants in a much more notorious case, the 1982 rape and murder of retired Union Mills, N.C., Schoolteacher Nannie Newsome, 88.

The brutal attack on the friendly and generous Newsome caused outrage in the tiny mountain town, brought the local Ku Klux Klan out of the shadows and put tremendous pressure on police. They finally arrested four local youths, relying on the statements to investigators of one of them. That man, Roderick Maurice Forney, initially denied involvement, but later, during a session with Charlotte Hypnotist Stann Reiziss, blurted out a barely coherent story in which he implicated at least eight people in the murder, even though physical evidence at the scene suggested the presence of only one. Two of the three other defendants, Brothers Lester and Richard Flack, were convicted on the basis of Forney's story, which one defense attorney now calls an "incredible tale." Forney and Co-

Defendant Stephen Christopher Hunt have both had their convictions reversed on grounds other than hypnosis, and are awaiting new trials. The Flacks remain in jail, each serving three consecutive life terms.

A principal defense witness at the Flacks' trial was Dr. Martin Orne, one of the nation's foremost experts on hypnosis,



Brothers Richard and Lester Flack after their arrest
"A mixture of accurate recall and pure fabrication."

who says that Forney's description of events was a classic case of "confabulation," in which a hypnotized subject fills in gaps in his memory with information sometimes suggested to him by police or the hypnotist. Orne, a University of Pennsylvania psychiatrist, says that Forney was particularly susceptible to suggestion, given his borderline IQ of 74 and a history of mental problems in his family. The psychiatrist, who has for years been conducting a relentless campaign against po-

Hypnotist Reiziss gives a demonstration in his office



lice hypnosis, called the North Carolina case one of the worst abuses he has seen. Testimony from witnesses like Forney is especially dangerous, he explains, because even the most vigorous cross-examination may not shake their belief in the truth of their hypnotic recollections.

In banning hypnotically induced testimony, North Carolina joins at least eleven other states. One of the first was Minnesota, whose supreme court ruled it out in 1980. In that case a woman under hypnosis, who at the time of the event was apparently drunk and confused, summoned up a scene in which a male companion sexually assaulted her with a knife. Under hypnosis she recalled too much, including several incidents that could not have happened. In throwing out a rape conviction in 1983, New York's highest court declared that hypnosis created "a mixture of accurate recall, fantasy or pure fabrication in unknown quantities."

Perhaps the cruelest blow for would-be police mesmerizers came in 1982, when the California Supreme Court banned previously hypnotized witnesses from testifying. The decision sharply curbed the operation of the Los Angeles police department's busy hypnosis unit, whose officers now use their skills only in dead-end cases. It also cut back the activities at Los Angeles' Law Enforcement Hypnosis Institute, which, beginning in 1976, trained more than 1,000 officers from across the country in hypnotic-interrogation techniques; they in turn trained thousands more.

Martin Reiser, director of the institute and chief psychologist for the Los Angeles police department, continues to defend police hypnosis vigorously, claiming that in Los Angeles no defendant was ever convicted on the basis of hypnotically enhanced testimony alone. In July the state legislature reversed part of the California Supreme Court decision, allowing witnesses and victims who have been hypnotized to testify as to their prehypnotic recollections, while stipulating that sessions be conducted only by disinterested outside psychiatrists. But since it is witnesses' posthypnotic testimony that is most valuable to police, the Svengali squads in California and elsewhere continue to wither away.

That suits the defense lawyers in the Nannie Newsome case just fine. Speaking of Forney's fantastic tales, Attorney James Ferguson says, "It's really quite amazing and shocking that someone's life or liberty can hinge on that sort of testimony." —By Michael S. Serrill.

Reported by E.L. Phillips/Atlanta and Diana Waggoner/San Francisco

Press

Soviet Scenes

Hospitality for U.S. TV crews

For years, requests by U.S. television networks to shoot extensively in the U.S.S.R. have been rebuffed with icy *nyets* from Soviet authorities. Now, however, there appears to be a sudden thaw. Over the coming months, U.S. viewers will be virtually deluged with taped and live reports from the Soviet Union. The most ambitious project airs on NBC beginning this week. In the next fortnight, the network's *Nightly News* will feature taped segments on the Soviet character and economy, the status of the Muslim minority, and how citizens' perceptions of the U.S. are molded by the Soviet government. The broadcasts will be augmented by reports on NBC *News at Sunrise* and live interviews from Moscow on the *Today Show*, conducted by host Bryant Gumbel. NBC News' chief foreign correspondent, Garrick Utley, says of the unprecedented access: "We were able to cast our net as broadly as possible. There was no censorship of the tapes whatsoever."

Soviet hospitality is being extended to other networks as well. Metromedia will be sending crews later this month. Says John Parsons, news director of Metromedia's WNEW-TV in New York City: "We'll go to nightclubs and farms and see the people at work and at play." In December, PBS's *Inside Story* plans to examine U.S.-Soviet relations on a show that will include conversations between scholars of the two nations beamed via satellite. CNN is negotiating to air Soviet programs as part of an exchange package.

Communist leaders appear to be gambling that U.S. journalists will provide a more favorable picture of the U.S.S.R. than the Reagan Administration has. Says NBC Special Segment Producer Ron Bonn: "They apparently believe that access to a large American audience is worth the risk of exposure." Soviet officials mixed few requests: an interview with Dissident Andrei Sakharov, a visit to Kiev, any views of airports or shots from great heights. To ease the U.S. reporters' way, the Soviets provided sophisticated English-speaking coordinators from the state television network.

For its efforts, NBC has come away with an engrossing view of life in the Soviet Union. Among the fascinating glimpses: citizens at a cemetery in Leningrad, where mass civilian graves of World War II dead are marked only by the years; a spy thriller on Soviet TV in which the villain is an American CIA agent; a portrait of the Muslims, who because of their high birth rate will soon outnumber ethnic Russians. "We've tried to give a different look at the Soviet Union without prostituting ourselves," says Bonn. "Our reports are different but honest." ■

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Leave Off the Label

The first sign that the campaign has warmed up is an outbreak of invidious labeling. The Democrats are calling the Republicans the party of the rich, while Republicans are trying to prove the Democrats are the less godly. George Bush has a label for himself: "A conservative but not a nut." Nowadays newspaper columnists who comment on such matters also wear labels, which is a bad idea whose time has come.

Blame it on the spectrum theory, which holds that columnists should be picked the way Noah filled his ark, with living specimens from every category. On the Gannett chain of 85 newspapers, "our policy is not to have a policy," John Quinn, its editorial director, says. But he urges his editors to pick columnists across a broad spectrum of views. Similarly, the *Wall Street Journal*, with the most rigidly polemical editorial page of any major paper, seeks to vary its Johnny-one-note tone by using some outside voices. Irving Kristol and Arthur Schlesinger are well-matched middleweights, but was Alexander Cockburn craftily picked for his left-wing pyrotechnics or as valid spokesman for a point of view?

Despite such contrived attempts at editorial balance, the spectrum among columnists does seem more brightly colored on the right. The dwindling band of liberal columnists, the liveliest of whom is Mary McGrory, frequently write like glum recyclers of views no longer in vogue. Right-wingers are apt to be more ardent proselytizers, some using the eruditely disdainful style of arguing they learned on Bill Buckley's *National Review*.



Joseph Kraft

George F. Will, the most talented of the lot, is going through a change of persona more than a change of views in his second career as tart questioner on ABC's *This Week with David Brinkley* (where he is billed as plain George Will). "When you accept an institutional identification," he says, "that does change you." Still a Tory, or a "Scoop Jackson Republican," he is no longer so chummy with Reagan; his continued advocacy of higher taxes irritates Reagan, and Will says he gets invited to the White House "not that much" any more. Given television's need for quick judgments, Will saves his more closely reasoned or idiosyncratic views for his *Washington Post* and *Newsweek* columns. But will he end up George Will or George F. Will?

William Safire, a self-styled "libertarian conservative," is also out of favor at the White House. In a recent column he complained that though he had once been a "lonely Reagan booster," he has been denied any interviews with Reagan because Safire "from time to time was—in Mr. Reagan's words to a press aide-hostile to us." Partly out of shrewd instinct, partly out of puckish perversity, Safire cannot be counted in anyone's corner, but "when my right-wing conferees and pals depart from principle I feel particularly pained." His working motto is "Kick them when they're up." He recently defended Bert Lance when he was down. Safire used to write speeches for Richard Nixon, but the fact that Nixon has been lately taken up by liberals for his advocacy of détente, Safire says, provoked a column calling Nixon "soft on Communism."

Joseph Kraft is known as middle of the road in his views; about the worst taunt he hears from the right is that he is "elitist." Reagan's overheard remark about bombing the Russians really angered him. "On the subject of nuclear weapons, as on so many other matters, Ronald Reagan is a thoughtless President," he wrote. "A serious question is whether the country wants a thoughtful President... My own feeling is that the country is off on a new round of unbridled materialism. Greed, which is never far from the surface in American life, is making another comeback." Strong words; but right or wrong they gain force coming from someone who does not predictably occupy an assigned political frequency. Simplistic labels may be convenient to an editor, but they can only diminish a columnist, whose independent mind is his most valuable asset. Labeled columnists recall the days of partisan newspapers and subservient editors, those unnumbered days when the editor of Andrew Jackson's party newspaper saw to it that a fresh pail of milk was left on the White House doorstep every morning, often carrying it himself.

Economy & Business

Prescription for Cheap Drugs

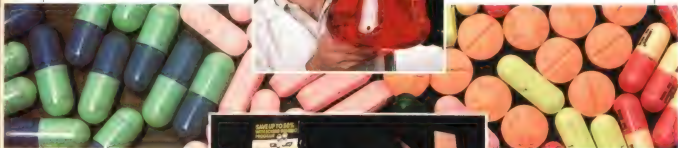
Congress aims to encourage generic alternatives to brand-name medicines

Millions of Americans take prescription drugs to feel better, but the prices they pay often keep them feeling a bit sick. Dyazide, a brand-name drug for the treatment of high blood pressure, costs as much as \$21.50 for 100 capsules. The drug racked up sales of \$230 million last year for its manufacturer, Smith Kline & French. Although the company's patent on the drug expired in 1980, no other firm has come out with a less expensive version. Dyazide is just one of many bestselling brand-name



same amount of medication was available under its generic name, diphenoxylate, for only \$3.29. In one New York City drugstore, a medicine for high blood pressure made by Ciba-Geigy called Apresoline cost \$15 per 100 tablets; its generic equivalent, hydralazine, went for \$6.95.

A new drug is given a generic name by a unit of the American Medical Association. That name reflects the drug's chemical properties and is often a tongue twister. The company marketing the medication usually gives it a short, snappy



drugs with no competitors. Reason: U.S. law has made it costly and time consuming for companies to get the Government's go-ahead to market so-called generic copies of brand-name drugs. That regulatory roadblock has thwarted competition and cost consumers untold millions of dollars.

Now Congress is breaking down the barrier. The House last week unanimously passed a bill, almost identical to one already adopted by the Senate, that will speed up approvals of generic drugs by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA). In the past, companies wishing to sell generic versions of drugs marketed after 1962 had to submit detailed scientific studies to demonstrate the pills' safety and effectiveness, even though they were merely copies of medicines already being sold. Under the new law, firms need only show that their generic pills are the chemical equivalents of brand-name drugs and deliver the same amount of medicine with the same speed into the bloodstream. Because of this change in the rules, industry experts predict that within a year or two, generic copies of perhaps 150 leading brand-name drugs will appear. They include Valium, a tranquilizer. Diabinese, a pill to control diabe-



A Hoffmann-La Roche scientist conducts basic research; a Houston pharmacist counts out tablets from Rugby, a low-cost supplier

tes. and Motrin, a medicine for arthritis. Hemant Shah, a drug-industry specialist with Mabon, Nugent, a Wall Street investment firm, estimates that by 1987, 25% of all prescriptions will be filled with generic drugs, up from 15% in 1983.

That trend should produce dramatic savings for consumers—potentially \$1 billion over the next twelve years, according to the FDA. Generic drugs already on the market usually cost much less than their brand-name counterparts. At one Dallas pharmacy last week, customers had to pay \$8.79 for 20 tablets of Lomotil, an anti-diarrhea pill made by G.D. Searle. But the

brand name that doctors and patients can remember. Hoffmann-La Roche, for example, developed a tranquilizer with the generic name chlordiazepoxide, but sells it as Librium.

The new drug law is the latest chapter in a long-running dispute between two factions of the pharmaceutical industry. On one side are such large and well-known companies as Smith Kline & French, Eli Lilly, Merck Sharp & Dohme, Pfizer, American Home Products, G.D. Searle and Sandoz, which develop new drugs in research labs and market them under brand names. These firms maintain that they need to charge

high prices to finance the research that leads to important new drugs. Hoffmann-La Roche says that it spent at least \$65 million to develop Accutane, a drug for cystic acne. For every 2,000 chemical compounds the company studies, only one will show enough clinical promise to make it to the market.

On the other side are dozens of smaller generic houses, including Rugby, Bolar and Par, which market copies of drugs and do relatively little research. The brand-name companies argue that the generic firms sometimes sell poor-quality drugs. The generic manufacturers say

that the big companies are trying to preserve profits at the expense of consumers.

After years of opposing rule changes that would encourage the use of generics, the brand-name companies supported the new law on one condition: that it strengthen drug patent protection. A patent lasts for 17 years, but the companies contend that about seven years are often used up in testing before the FDA clears the medicine for sale. After the legislation takes effect, new drugs will receive up to five years of extra patent time, depending on how long the FDA has taken to approve the product. But the law does not affect dozens of older drugs that will lose their patents in the next few years.

Expiring patents and the spread of generics will put pressure on the top drug companies. Their profits have been rising by 10% to 12% a year, but some industry experts predict that this growth rate will now slow to 5%. One of the firms expected to suffer is Merck, which had earnings of \$450.9 million in 1983. The company loses its patent this month on Aldomet, a popular medication for high blood pressure that generated sales last year of about \$200 million. David Saks, a Wall Street analyst with the Becker Paribas investment firm, says that competition from generic copies may force Merck to slash the price of Aldomet, now about \$18 for 100 tablets, by 30% or more.

Armed with huge promotional budgets, the large pharmaceutical houses are working hard to keep doctors and pharmacists loyal to brand names. Drug company representatives, known in the trade as detail men, frequently drop by doctors' offices to pitch products and give out glossy brochures and free samples. Medical journals are chockablock with full-page, full-color drug ads. Some firms have resorted to giveaway gimmicks. Independent pharmacists who place drug orders with Searle have a chance to win a trip to Greece and earn points toward such gifts as jewelry, china and crystal.

The big drug companies encourage skepticism among doctors and pharmacists about the quality of some generic products. Sandoz last year ran an ad in the *American Druggist* magazine for the tranquilizer Mellaril. It showed an elderly woman with an alarmed look on her face. In her hand was a vial that apparently contained a generic imitation of Mellaril. The text implied that a switch to a generic version of Mellaril could cause increased side effects, including symptoms similar to those of Parkinson's disease. The FDA said that the claims in the ad were false and ordered Sandoz to withdraw it, but the company had already made its point.

American Home Products, which has three top-selling drugs that lose their patents this year, has been sponsoring a ten-city lecture tour by Paul Doering, an associate professor of pharmacy practice at the University of Florida. At pharmacists' meetings and in television appearances, Doering has been spreading the word that

generic drugs may not be as good as brand-name products. Says he: "I believe that drugs are far too important to be considered just another commodity."

Doering argues that some generic drugs do not dissolve as fast or as completely in the intestine as do brand-name pills. That could be dangerous for patients taking drugs for life-threatening diseases. The FDA, though, disagrees with Doering. Says Dr. Peter Rheinlein, the agency's director of drug standards: "There are no more safety problems with FDA-approved generic drugs than with brand-name medications."

All 50 states have passed laws that allow pharmacists to substitute a generic equivalent for a brand-name prescription unless the doctor specifically forbids it. In Florida, druggists are required to tell customers how much they will save by using generic products. To counteract these laws, the brand-name companies encourage doctors to write "dispense as written" or "no substitution" on their prescriptions. In addition, the big firms try to give their pills distinctive shapes and trademarks. Hoffmann-La Roche's Valium tranquilizer tablets, for example, have a V carved in the center. The company hopes that when Valium's patent expires next February, patients will be reluctant to change medicines and will ask for the pills with the familiar symbol.

But the brand-name companies face a broad-based movement toward generics. Some 26 states mandate the use of generic drugs, whenever possible, in Medicaid programs. Several insurance companies, including Aetna, Metropolitan, Prudential and Blue Cross/Blue Shield, have notified health-care policyholders that they will be reimbursed for 100% of the cost of generic drugs but only 80% of the price of brand-name pills. Moreover, many drugstore chains are pushing low-priced generics. Walgreens, with 947 outlets in 30 states and Puerto Rico, says that when one of its pharmacists receives a prescription marked "no substitution," he is to call the doctor before filling the order. With the patient standing by, the druggist tells the physician how much more the brand-name drug costs than the generic.

The new law appears to strike a balance between the interests of the large companies and the rights of consumers. By granting extra patent protection for new drugs, the legislation gives research-oriented firms an added financial incentive to achieve medical breakthroughs. By encouraging the sale of generic copies of older drugs, the law will help drive down health-care costs. It is a prescription that both sides of the great drug debate should be able to swallow.

—By Charles P. Alexander.
Reported by Patricia Delaney/Washington and Raji Sanghadi/New York

A PILL BY ANY OTHER NAME

Price per 100 tablets at an Eckerd Drug Store, Atlanta

BRAND NAME	GENERIC NAME	USE
Achromycin V \$9.79/250mg	Tetracycline \$5.59	Antibiotic
Erythrocin 20.95/250mg	Erythromycin 15.29	Antibiotic
Dimetapp 23.99	Brompheniramine 8.55	Antihistamine
Librium 21.95/10mg	Chlordiazepoxide 6.75	Tranquilizer
Mellaril 19.29/10mg	Thioridazine 14.79	Tranquilizer
Lasix 15.59/40mg	Furosemide 9.85	Diuretic
Hygroton 29.29/50mg	Chlorthalidone 11.55	Diuretic
Isordil 13.39/10mg	Isosorbide 5.89	Anti-anginal
Persantine 17.45/25mg	Dipyridamole 7.35	Anti-anginal
Elavil 16.99/25mg	Amitriptyline 8.55	Antidepressant

Economy & Business

You're the Cream in My Coffee

A Swiss food conglomerate buys a dairy giant for \$3 billion

Nestlé has long had a keen appetite for U.S. companies. In a buying binge during the '70s, the Swiss food conglomerate helped itself to Beech-Nut (baby foods), Libby, McNeill & Libby (fruit juices) and Stouffer (hotels and frozen dinners). But Nestlé then decided to halt its U.S. expansion because of heavy financial losses suffered in Argentina.

Now, after nearly four years of retrenchment, Nestlé (1983 sales: \$12.7 billion) is once again hungry to add American names to its list of bestselling brands, which includes Nescafé, Quik, Nestea and L'Oréal. In January, Nestlé acquired Ward-Johnston, the candy company that produces such matinee munchies as Raisinets, Gooberns and Sno-Caps, and in April it signed an agreement to buy Hills Bros. coffee. Last week the company announced plans to purchase Los Angeles-based Carnation, the leading maker of evaporated milk, for about \$3 billion, or \$83 a share. The deal will produce the biggest non-oil takeover in history, and is expected to double Nestlé's business in the U.S. The transaction will provide a barrel of cash for the heirs of Carnation Founder Elbridge Amos Stuart, who own 35% of the firm.

The spark for the sale came last November: Dwight L. Stuart, 59, left his post as Carnation president, reportedly after a falling-out with Chairman H. Everett Olson, 77, Stuart, who controls as much as 20% of the firm, then decided to start unloading his stock. Rumors began spreading on Wall Street that Carnation was for sale, and by late July, Nestlé Managing Director Helmut Maucher came along with a friendly takeover offer. Meanwhile, investors ran up the price of Carnation stock

from about 65 in July to 75½ by the time the deal was announced.

As if in keeping with the old motto on its best-known product, "Milk from contented cows," Carnation has grown somewhat complacent in recent years. In more aggressive times it bought the Contadina tomato-products brand and created Friskies pet foods and Coffee-Mate nondairy creamer. But Carnation's last acquisition of any size was the \$30 million purchase in 1973 of a company that makes class rings. Since 1980 sales have been flat (1983 revenues: \$3.4 billion). Says Dan B. Williams, an analyst with Suito & Co., a San Francisco investment banking firm: "Some observers think Carnation has been stodgy in new-product introductions. Its mainstay is milk, and dry milk is a no-growth area." That highly cautious strategy was dictated by Olson, who takes pride in Carnation's record of 31 straight years of increased annual earnings.

Like many other European companies, Nestlé is looking for acquisitions in the U.S. because that is where the fastest, surliest economic growth is now taking place. Last January, Nestlé burnished its public image in the U.S. by settling a 6½-year-old consumer boycott prompted by the company's marketing of infant formula in developing countries.

Nestlé has encountered some obstacles during its current spending spree. In July the Federal Trade Commission blocked the Swiss firm's \$515 million takeover of CooperVision, a California contact-lens company. Reason: Nestlé already sells certain types of eye-care supplies through a Fort Worth subsidiary, Alcon Laboratories. There has been speculation that the

FTC might oppose the creation of a food combine the size of Nestlé and Carnation. Experts close to the deal, however, expect little difficulty because the companies do not have significant competing products. Nestlé sells no milk in the U.S., and Carnation sells no coffee.

The Nestlé-Carnation deal continues a streak of mergers in the competitive food industry. Last month Chicago's Beatrice (Tropicana, La Choy) bought Esmark (Swift, Peter Pan) for \$2.8 billion. Two weeks ago, Ralston Purina agreed to acquire ITT's Continental Baking division for \$475 million. One reason for the takeovers is that business has turned sluggish as a result of the slowdown in U.S. population growth. Thus the easiest way for food companies to grow is to take over other firms. And as the Carnation purchase indicated, cows that are too contented may find themselves on the auction block.

—By Stephen Koeps. Reported by Luiza Meyers/Los Angeles and Ellen Wallace/Vevay, Switzerland



Shad: "Some try to hide the bad news"

False Profits

Crackdown on cooked books

When U.S. Surgical Corp. of Norwalk, Conn., piled up pretax profits of \$32.9 million between 1979 and 1981, its top officers gave themselves rich rewards. The bosses enjoyed their bounty until earlier this year, when the Securities and Exchange Commission ordered the bonuses paid back. President Leon C. Hirsch, for one, agreed to relinquish \$317,000. A probe of U.S. Surgical's books, the SEC claimed, had discovered that the company padded its 1979-81 profits by more than \$18 million.

Rooting out financial-disclosure fraud has become the top priority of SEC Chairman John Shad this year. The federal agency is coming down hard on companies that sugar-coat their earnings reports to give stockholders an artificially sweetened idea of corporate performance. Says Shad: "Some companies try to hide the bad news." So far this year the SEC has brought lawsuits against 25 firms for cooking the books, compared with 23 in all of 1983. This month the SEC is also expected to impose stricter guidelines for financial disclosure. Under the new rules, companies would be required to publish separate financial figures for each of their business segments on a quarterly basis, rather than annually.

The most stunning case of SEC enforcement occurred last month when the agency ordered California's Financial Corp. of America to restate its second-quarter results to show a \$107.5 million loss instead of a \$31.1 million profit. After customers realized the true state of the savings-and-loan company's finances, they began a temporary run on deposits. Disillusioned investors have driven the company's stock price down 17% since the announcement. During the same

Nestlé **Carnation**



Maucher has been hungry for American brands. A falling-out, and then came a friendly offer.

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Economy & Business

Unsnarling the Crowded Skies

Under prodding, airlines try to ease flight traffic

week the SEC charged Stauffer Chemical of Westport, Conn., with overstating its 1982 earnings by \$31 million, allegedly by recording sales that should have been booked the following year.

The SEC has assigned one-third of its 600-member enforcement staff to the task of ferreting out creative accounting. This year they will investigate about 300 companies, relying on tip-offs from company employees, complaints from investors and painstaking scrutiny of documents.

Much of the apparent increase in book cooking is cyclical. The SEC is just now catching up with firms that tried to smooth out the bumps in their performance during the last recession by borrowing from future or past profits. Government officials say they also often find shady accounting in companies where top managers have set goals that are unrealistically high. Says L. Glenn Perry, former chief accountant for the SEC's enforcement division: "The two primary reasons for book cooking are ego and greed." Perry says that at now bankrupt A.M. International, the office-equipment firm, some employees who failed to meet management's targets resorted to dubious book-keeping to avoid being fired.

Ideally, sugar coating of profits is supposed to be corrected or protested by a company's external auditors. But since the late 1970s, increased competition among accounting firms has fostered some slack auditing. Says John Fedders, Shad's enforcement chief: "There's tremendous pressure on accounting firms to lower their prices. Some firms can, but only by cutting corners."

Several of the most prestigious accounting firms have been stunned by the failure of banks whose records they had found in good order. Peat Marwick Mitchell approved the books of Penn Square Bank in 1982 just four months before the institution failed from bad energy loans, and last year Ernst & Whinney, another leading accountant, gave an unqualified blessing to the financial records of Knoxville's United American Bank, which collapsed a month later. Auditors who have overlooked unorthodox book-keeping risk censure by the SEC and lawsuits by stockholders.

In their defense, accountants contend that the rush of financial deregulation has resulted in too many gray areas. Some experts charge that the profession's rule-making body, the Financial Accounting Standards Board, is too slow to create new guidelines.

SEC officials point out that the great majority of accountants and company managers go by the rules. But the agency wants its crackdown to put a healthy scare into the rest. Says Fedders: "We're like a snake in the grass at a Sunday picnic. They're never quite certain where we're likely to appear next." —By Stephen Koopp. Reported by Timothy Loughran/New York and Christopher Redman/Washington

As millions of airline passengers have discovered to their sorrow, the terms rush hour and gridlock no longer apply only to travel by car. This summer, teeth-grinding, stomach-wrenching waits at major airports have become distressingly common. The aggravation reached a new and irritating high last month, as flight delays increased 276% over a year ago, to 44,372. Nearly one in ten airline trips was more than 15 minutes late.

Fewer air traffic controllers, more flights, a shortage of runways and gates, and summer storms have all been blamed for the crunch. But according to the Federal Aviation Administration, the airlines themselves are the most culpable. They prefer to schedule flights early in the

The unofficial deadline is Sept. 19, when the fall edition of the *Official Airline Guide* goes to press.

Early on, the talks ran into turbulent weather. A Government proposal to increase the number of flights at Kennedy and La Guardia while reducing traffic at nearby Newark ran into objections from People Express. The cut-rate carrier, which uses Newark for its popular shuttle service to Washington and Boston, angrily protested that any cutback would restrain competition for the benefit of a larger airline. The carrier it meant was Eastern, which runs a rival shuttle operation from La Guardia.

After six years of deregulation, however, the airlines are in no mood to let the



The long line at New York's La Guardia, one of the six most congested airports

Fault lies largely with the carriers, which schedule too many flights at the busiest periods.

morning and in the evening to coincide with the business day, and to bunch their operations on the hour. At Atlanta's Hartsfield Airport, 42 takeoffs and landings are scheduled between 8 a.m. and 8:09, though the airport is capable of handling only about 20 of them.

As the delays stacked up last month, the FAA issued a stern warning to the airlines: either voluntarily reschedule flights at the six most congested airports (Atlanta's Hartsfield, the New York City area's Kennedy, La Guardia and Newark, Chicago-O'Hare and Denver's Stapleton) or the FAA would do it for them. A special immunity from antitrust prosecution was granted so that the air carriers could meet. Representatives from about 50 domestic and 15 international carriers last week began a six-day session in Crystal City, Va., outside Washington, to work out new flight schedules. Ordinarily highly competitive, the officials pledged cooperation. Said Dan Henkin, a vice president of the Air Transport Association: "There is a strong desire to work something out and a driving force for speed."

Government begin writing schedules for them again. Says Delta Spokesman Jim Ewing: "This is upsetting as hell to us." Accordingly, Delta and Eastern put aside their differences and juggled their peak-hour operations in Atlanta, where the two carriers account for 85 scheduled arrivals between 7:55 and 8:30 a.m. Delta offered to move its arrivals up, to between 7:30 and 8:15, while Eastern said it would shift its back, to between 8:25 and 8:55. As the meetings proceeded through the weekend, airline officials went on to discuss congestion at Stapleton Airport and Chicago-O'Hare.

The FAA took its own action last week to help unsnarl the crowded skies by announcing that it will hire 1,400 new air traffic controllers, none of them former Patco union members, by Sept. 30, 1985. That will bring the total to 14,300 but still leave the system with 2,000 fewer controllers than it had three years ago. For air travelers weary of waiting for takeoff, any sign of progress was welcome news indeed. —By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Carolyn Lesh/Washington

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Business Notes

FINES

Case of the Computer Smuggler

West German Businessman Richard Mueller has been helping the Soviet Union to obtain modern electronic gear for more than a decade. In 1981 he was placed on a Government list of forbidden high-technology customers. But that did not stop Mueller from buying two brand-new VAX 11-780 minicomputers and other equipment made by Digital Equipment Corp. of Maynard, Mass., between 1981 and 1983. The purchases were made from DEC's West German subsidiary through a firm Mueller controlled called Deutsche Integrated Time.

U.S. officials assume but cannot prove that the missing VAX computers, which can be used to track missiles, reached the Soviet Union. Nonetheless, DEC was fined \$1.5 million last week for violating the Export Administration Act. The Government said that the company should have known that Mueller, whose name appeared on his company's documents, was behind the deals. DEC denied any wrongdoing and said it had been victimized by a "notorious computer smuggler." The fine will be reduced by \$400,000 if DEC's West German subsidiary does not commit any additional export violations in the next three years.

ENVIRONMENT

A Cleaned-Up Gold Rush



Mining the yellow metal

For all its eternal glitter, gold is not lustrous to mine. Modern prospectors use bulldozers and giant stone crushers, processing seven tons of ore to recover a single ounce of gold. Stimulated by high prices, mining intensified in the late 1970s and has now reached boom stages.

The gold miners, though, have run into strong opposition from environmentalists, especially in California's storied mother-lode country near Sonora and in the northern foothills around Clear Lake. Property owners and politicians have forced Placer Mining Services, a Fluor subsidiary, to stop digging at its mine near Nevada City. Homestake, America's largest producer, and Sonora Mining have also felt pressures against their bulldozing and blasting.

Both companies have responded, to the satisfaction of environmentalists. Homestake uses three huge pressure cookers, called autoclaves, near one of its projects. In them, pure oxygen is pumped through a slurry of gold ore and water to eliminate pollution. By the end of the century, American gold output could reach 200 tons a year, thus making the U.S. the third largest producer behind South Africa (680 tons currently) and the Soviet Union (283 tons).

FINANCIAL FUTURES

Making a Midnight Deal

When the afternoon bells rang on the floor of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, the clamorous trading in financial futures used to come to an abrupt stop. Until last Thursday, traders were forced to wait until the next day to carry out deals triggered by late-breaking economic developments. But in a historic move, the Merc last week opened a late shift running from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. This was accomplished by electronically linking Chicago trading with a futures exchange in Singapore, which is 14 hours ahead of Central Standard Time. The connection allows traders in both cities to make late-night deals to keep up



Opening the exchange in Singapore

with volatile international markets.

The Chicago-Singapore hookup is a major step in the trend toward round-the-clock, round-the-world financial trading. Last July, officials of the New York and American stock exchanges announced that they were exploring the possibility of expanding their hours beyond the current 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. When the Chicago-Singapore link opened last week, trading was limited to futures contracts in Eurodollars, which are U.S. dollars deposited in foreign banks, and deutsche marks. Next month the exchange will begin trading futures in Japanese yen, and it may soon handle commodities like gold.

TRADE

No Pretty Penny for Copper

Battered by cheap imports from Chile, Peru and Zaire, U.S. copper mining has been tarnished in the past few years. The twelve major producers now employ a mere 25,000 workers, down 50% in ten years, and the mines, primarily in the Rocky Mountain states, are running at 60% of capacity. Copper consumption is up 14% this year from last, but American mines simply cannot match competitors in the Third World. They have kept output high and prices down to around 60¢ per lb., vs. the 82¢ average cost of U.S. production. Despite those troubles, the Reagan Administration last week refused to protect the industry by limiting or taxing the foreign copper entering the U.S. In turning down a recommendation by the International Trade Commission to grant protection, critics charged, Reagan was trying to sustain a free-trade image in the election campaign by ruling against a small, shrinking industry. Politically less safe will be his decision on steel-import quotas, due by Sept. 24, which 240,000 unionized steelworkers are anxiously awaiting.

NEW VENTURES

Coming to Gators' Aid

Florida's alligators have done such an admirable job of re-producing themselves that they have swung from near extinction to overpopulation during the past decade. But that is not good enough for Frank Godwyn, whose farm near Orlando produces alligators like chickens. Godwyn's company uses a technique of artificial insemination developed by Paul Cardeilhac, a University of Florida veterinarian. Sound waves from a \$26,000 machine track the development of the female's egg-bearing follicle, then sperm from an alligator bull is injected at the appropriate moment. If all goes well, fertilized eggs yield snapping, 7-in. babies in 45 days. They grow at 2 ft. a year on Godwyn's farm, vs. about half that rate in the wild, to a harvesting size of 6 ft.



A snappy little bundle of joy

Godwyn's four-year-old farm has 80 artificially fertilized gators growing vigorously, each worth about \$300. The biggest market is for the hides, but Godwyn wants to develop sales of alligator meat. About 200 Florida restaurants serve it. Says Godwyn: "If you deep fry the meat, it tastes like chicken. And if it's sautéed, it tastes like shrimp or lobster." See you later, alligator—on a plate.

ARE

W

rinkles
INHERITED?

Some wrinkles are genetically programmed to appear at a certain point in our life. Some aren't.

If you're fair skinned (like Celtic, Northern European, or Scandinavian people), you've inherited a tendency to wrinkle earlier than darker skinned people (African, Latin), who produce more protective melanin, which filters damaging sun rays.

Wrinkles, like crow's feet, laugh lines, or real furrows, are the result of collagen and elastin breakdown deep in the dermis, way below the skin's surface. And although costly collagen or silicone implants, dermabrasion, or face lifts get rid of wrinkles temporarily, the wrinkles return.

Despite what you've heard, topically applied formulas containing collagen, elastin, or Jojoba are unable to penetrate into the dermis. Therefore, they're unable to build back what has already broken down.

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WRINKLES



LINES



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Which has more calories (and alcohol):

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2. 5 oz. Bacardi® rum & diet Coke?
(1 oz. Bacardi, 4 oz. diet Coke)



According to U.S. Dept. of Agriculture data, a 5-oz. serving of white wine contains 121 calories. It has an alcohol content of about 12.5%.



Based on data from the same source, a drink made of 1 oz. 80-proof Bacardi rum and 4 oz. diet Coke has only 66 calories. And its alcohol content is just 8%. So if you chose Bacardi and diet Coke, you're a winner.



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Living

Frequent Flyers, Call Home

Fulfilling a yen to keep in touch while airborne



Although commercial-airline ads make lavish promises, "frequent flyers," as harried business passengers are called, know that three things are rare in the air: an on-time takeoff, a good meal and the use of a telephone. While the airlines work on promptness, the third problem will soon be remedied. Next month several American Airlines and TWA flights will begin carrying telephones for passenger use.

For years businessmen and -women have yearned to keep in touch while airborne. In 1980 the FCC awarded an experimental developmental license to Oak Brook, Ill.-based Airfone, Inc., partially owned by Western Union, to test their system on long-distance, wide-bodied flights. By the end of the year, a number of carriers, including United and Delta, are planning to offer in-flight phoning. More than business will be done at 30,000 ft. Says American's public relations manager, Joe Stroup: "We now see the passenger calling Aunt Bessie to tell her what time he'll arrive and to make some of that great meat loaf. The American public just doesn't want to be divorced from its telephone."

The procedure is almost as easy as on earth. Callers will insert a major credit card into the slot on cordless, pushbutton models mounted in the cabin. The passenger can return to his seat with the handset and direct-dial any U.S. number (international calls are yet to be offered). The unit on the airplane is programmed to search out the best of Airfone's ground relay stations across the nation, one of which will automatically transfer the call to regular A T & T long lines. Callers will even be able to check in with their home answering machines for messages, talk to their stockbrokers and place orders with their favorite catalog houses. The charges,

which will appear on the customer's monthly credit-card statement, are high-altitude: \$7.50 for the first three minutes or less and \$1.25 for each additional minute, regardless of distance.

Airfone is hardly the first such experiment. Since the late 1940s, numerous systems, some of them versions of two-way radio, have been tested, but they were of poor quality and limited range. Private and corporate aircraft have long been licensed for radio telephones, but they require special operators, and calls can be overheard on some other radio equipment. Lack of privacy, however, has not deterred the clients of small and svelte Regent Air, which began the old-fashioned service in August. In addition to being provided with caviar and executive secretaries for \$810 one-way between the New York area and Los Angeles, passengers have called Paris, Rome, Santiago and even Chasen's restaurant in Hollywood for dinner reservations. The price: \$7.35 for the first three minutes, plus charges for a regular operator-assisted call.

Major carriers are enthusiastic about the Airfone's reliability and usefulness. TWA already has equipment on board six planes, and United has prepared an in-flight video pitch to show passengers. No one, however, has yet dealt with what may become a new hazard of air travel for those weary frequent flyers: sitting next to someone engaged in a long and boring yak with the ground. One consolation, observes Delta Public Relations Director Bill Berry: "You can call out, but people can't call you." At least not for now. —By J.D. Reed.
Reported by Valerie Mindel/Chicago, with other bureaus



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People



Constructive Christianity: Carter holding a basket of tools; sawing back to back with Rosalynn; in the window of building

After three days of hammering and sawing, Jimmy Carter, 59, looked more like a seasoned construction worker than a former President, with good reason. While most Americans were using Labor Day to putter around the house or relax, Carter and about 40 members of a Georgia volunteer group spent their holiday renovating a six-story tenement building in downtown Manhattan. "I'm liking the work," said Carter, who was joined on the second day by former First Lady Rosalynn, 57. "I've done a lot of carpentry before, but not like this. The tallest building in Plains, Ga., is two stories high."

After work the former Chief of State read from the New Testament at a local Baptist church, whimsically relating his group's good deed to the Bible: "If Christ came to New York he would probably spend lots of time on the Lower East Side—before it's gentrified that is."

When we last saw David Bowie, 37, the neon rocker had cleaned up his glitter-king image in order to bask in "the serious moonlight." But Bowie has more disguises than a chameleon, and in his new 20-minute video for the song *Blue Jean*, from his soon-to-be-released album *Tonight*, Bowie assumes two roles. Sometimes he is Lord Byron, sometimes he is a sign painter named Vic, vainly trying to convince his girlfriend that he and the



Bowie: '50s faces

randy aristocrat are buddies. Seems like old times, but the period is mid-20th century. "*Blue Jean* is a '50s-style short," explains Bowie. "This is where videos are going."

His ability to evoke a world of childlike innocence has made him the Peter Pan of rock. But the same androgynous appeal has also spawned some fantasies about the true nature of Michael Jackson, 26. Fed up with speculation that he is bisexual or gay, Jackson threw down his spangled gauntlet and called a press conference last week. In a statement read by Manager Frank Dileo in Los Angeles, Jackson, who lives with his

parents in Encino, Calif., categorically denied that he had ever "taken hormones to maintain my high voice" or "had cosmetic surgery on my eyes." Furthermore, he threatened to take legal action against any publication that suggested otherwise. That was the bad news. The good news, according to Jackson's publicity agent: "If little girls want to grow up and marry Michael, now they know they've got a chance."

If Princeton University assigns a sophomore paper on "How I Spent My Summer Vacation," Brooke Shields, 19, who returns to school there

this week, should have no problem finding something to write about. While her classmates may have been hiking in Nepal or holding regular summer jobs, Brooke spent four weeks on location in Nassau for a made-for-TV movie called *Wet Gold*. She plays a waitress who goes on a treasure hunt with her boyfriend, a scuba diver and the salty survivor of a sunken ship (Burgess Meredith, 75). The two younger men fight over Brooke and of course everybody fights over the gold. "She's quite a girl," says Meredith of his coed co-star. "She has no movements or moods that are not lovely."

—By Gay D. Garcia



Star student: Shields with Meredith on the set of *Wet Gold*

Religion

A Church in Crisis Weeps and Prays

China's government clamps down on a Christian revival

The first reports of trouble were confined to Henan. Foreign visitors to that central China province said that more than 200 Protestants had been arrested last year by the national police. The victims were leaders of so-called house churches: unauthorized gatherings, usually in private homes, of Christians. Some of those arrested were released within days, but others are still being held.

Since the Henan arrests, similar accounts of persecution have begun to spill out from nearly half of China's provinces, as well as Shanghai, its largest city. The operator of a small retail business tells a foreigner on a train in central China that several dozen house-church leaders are under arrest in the city of Xian. Says the businessman: "All we can do is pray and weep for them." A Protestant writes a letter telling of public notices posted in Fuyang, west of Shanghai, ordering Christians not to share their faith beyond that city or to listen to short-wave Gospel broadcasts. A woman evangelist, one of 130 house-church leaders from Henan province who are in hiding, tells a foreign visitor that police hung her father by his hands and beat him in an attempt to find out her whereabouts.

The hundreds of arrests, occasional incidents of torture and other forms of harassment since mid-1983 constitute the first sweeping crackdown against Christian activity since the Communist regime instituted a measure of toleration in 1979. The repression is aimed especially at a zealous Protestant revival occurring among the unsanctioned house churches, which are in increasing conflict with the government-approved Protestant organi-

zations. Only last week, for the first time, a government newspaper confirmed the existence of a Protestant revival "fever."

Among Roman Catholics, tensions have arisen from a split between the "Patriotic" church bodies, which obey government demands to reject all ties with the Vatican, and an underground group that remains loyal to the Pope. Hundreds of priests roam the countryside offering

Catholic family outside a Peking cathedral



clandestine Masses. In the past year, dozens of these clergymen have been jailed, along with Bishop Peter Joseph Fan, 76, of Baoding, who was sentenced to ten years for ordaining underground priests.

Before Mao's takeover in 1949, all churches operated freely, often with foreign missionaries in control. The Communists expelled the missionaries and forced Protestants and Anglicans to dissolve their separate denominations and unite under the Three-Self Patriotic Movement (T.S.P.M.), which was founded in 1954. The name signified that the government-sponsored churches were "self-supporting, self-governing, self-propagating," and thus free of any foreign influence. A similar Patriotic Catholic Association, begun in 1957, broke with the Vatican.

Churches were able to function, under tight supervision, until all religious groups were banned during the Cultural Revolution and its aftermath (1966-76). Even the T.S.P.M. vanished. Thousands of clergy and church members were shipped to labor camps, and perhaps hundreds were executed. But underground Protestantism not only survived but grew into the house-church movement.

The T.S.P.M. was revived by 1980 under the leadership of Nanjing's Bishop Ding Guangxun, 68, a former Anglican. His T.S.P.M. has had an uphill struggle in seeking to regain control of Chinese Protestantism, a battle complicated by a woefully small number of church buildings to accommodate worshippers. The T.S.P.M. estimates there are 3 million Protestants in the country, about the same number as the official count of Catholics. But the respected Chinese Church Research Center in Hong Kong claims that house-church members swell the Protestant total to 30 million or more. Privately, some Chinese officials say the figure is closer to 20 million.

Asked about the arrests of under-

Pastor leads service at a Three-Self Protestant church



In China's capital, a "Patriotic" priest hears confessions





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Religion

ground Christians, Ding contends it is "false" that non-cooperation (with the T.S.P.M.) is treated as a crime. Despite that assertion, an arrest warrant posted last year in Henan province lists just that charge against a house-church Christian. The warrant also provides a rare glimpse into the work of a single house-church evangelist. The warrant says the evangelist "deceived" 400 people into converting to Christianity, 100 of them in a single evening, and on another occasion "disturbed the social order" with a rally at a sports field. Such documents show that evangelism is a crime, even though China's latest constitution pledges that "the state protects legitimate religious activity."

Despite the tensions, long-range prospects for unity are better among Protestants than Catholics. Pope John Paul, for his part, has made friendly overtures and is prepared to go to great lengths to reach an accommodation. Vatican officials indicate the Pope would be willing to accept the 41 Patriotic Catholic bishops, whom the Chinese installed without papal approval. He would also probably agree to withdraw the Vatican's diplomatic recognition of Taiwan. But neither the Peking regime nor the Patriotic Catholic hierarchy shows any interest in negotiating. —By Richard N. Ostling.
Reported by David Alkman/Peking and Bing W. Wong/Hong Kong

Call to Rome

The Vatican questions a priest

When a Roman Catholic theologian is summoned to Rome, he is wise to come prepared with cogent arguments, a respectful mien and, when possible, influential friends. Franciscan Father Leonardo Boff, 45, arrived in the Eternal City from Brazil with all three, but especially with friends. A leading exponent of liberation theology, a movement that often combines Marxist concepts with calls for social justice, Boff was asked by the Vatican to reply to a notification that his teachings were "considered dangerous," particularly in their appeal for a less authoritarian church. For support, Boff brought along two important Brazilian Cardinals, Paulo Evaristo Arns and Aloisio Lorscheider, both Franciscans.

Last week, five days after his congregation issued a warning against liberation theology, the Vatican's top doctrinal watchdog, Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, met with Boff to explore the priest's views. At the four-hour interrogation, attended in part by Cardinals Arns and Lorscheider, Boff presented a 50-page reply to the charges against him. By all accounts the meeting was most amiable, and Boff will return to Brazil this week. In Rome a high-level committee will mull over his responses. The likely outcome: a statement that will announce no disciplinary action against Boff, but will criticize some of his ideas. ■

ROAD TEST



Can you make the grade on this trucking test?

What are the major causes of highway deterioration?

- Weather conditions
- De-icing chemicals
- Construction defects
- Soil erosion
- Traffic
- Age



The answer is all of the above, especially age and weather. That's why over a period of time, sidewalks and patios show almost the same deterioration as heavily traveled highways. And as a

consistent supporter of the highway system, the American trucking industry is paying nearly \$4 billion a year in federal use taxes alone to build and repair our nation's vital highway system.

What percentage of American communities rely totally on trucks for surface freight transportation?

- 10%
- 67%
- 27%
- 50%



Two out of three, or 67%, of American communities are totally dependent on truck transportation.

But to make all these freight services, trucking is a vital factor in most aspects of life.

What's the average time for a truck to deliver Florida oranges to a Midwest grocery store?

- 70 hours
- 4 days
- 38 hours



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How many miles has truck driver N. F. Plunkett, Jr. driven without a single accident?

- 800,000
- 1,200,000
- 2,500,000

In 37 years on the road, Plunkett has logged more than two and one-half million miles with a spotless safety record. He has also been honored for his years of good-will and teamwork. That's why he's earned the American Trucking Association's highest award, the 1984 Driver of the Year. As the nation's best professional truck driver, Plunkett is one of thousands who practice safe driving on American highways.



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Anderson and Carter team up in *Partners*



Cosby clown with one of his TV teens



Part-time sleuth: Lansbury solves whodunits in her novels and in real life in *Murder, She Wrote*

Video

Crime Pays in Prime Time

Guns and glitz highlight a play-it-safe season

Doctors and lawyers come and go. Sitcoms have hit the skids, and one day even Joan Collins may be just another question in Trivial Pursuit. But in the world of TV programming, crime nearly always pays. That axiom seems to be the watchword as the networks prepare to unveil their new shows for the coming season. At a time when cable and home-video recorders are luring more and more viewers away from traditional network fare, the Big Three are responding by playing it safe—and nothing is safer than cops-and-robbers. Eight of the 22 new series airing this fall focus on crime fighters of one sort or another, from hard-boiled police detectives to jet-setting private eyes. With 15 shows of the same ilk returning from last season, murderers will be nabbed, drug rings busted and cars sent tumbling over cliffs on more than a third of all the prime-time hours this season.

Copying proven hits is, of course, nothing new for TV. But in past years the networks at least looked for other media bandwagons to jump on. A few seasons back, clones of *Animal House* were in fashion; another year, rip-offs of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* were the rage. This year, however, the networks have scarcely looked beyond their own backyard for inspiration. Along with the crime fighters, there will be the requisite batch of sitcoms, more romantic fluff from the Aaron Spelling factory, another in the parade of blooper shows (ABC's *People Do the Craziest Things*) and a weekly version of a hit NBC mini-series from last season, *V*. The only discernible outside influence is the rock-on-film trend, sparked by *Fame*, *Flashdance* and MTV. They have inspired one new series, CBS's *Dreams*, and thumping rock sound tracks on several others.

Yet the picture is not entirely bleak. The new season has received an early

boost from an unlikely summer hit. Helped by massive promotion during the Olympics, ABC's *Call to Glory*, an earnest drama about an Air Force family in the early 1960s starring Craig T. Nelson, drew good enough ratings after its mid-August premiere to land a spot on the fall schedule. Its patriotic appeal has won the approval of President Reagan, but the show appears to have more complex ambitions: on one recent episode, the family got involved in a local battle over racial discrimination. *Call to Glory* deserves praise for at least one solid achievement. It has supplanted yet another cop show on ABC's fall schedule: *Street Hawk*, starring a superpowered motorcycle.

When *Street Hawk* does show up later this season, it will join several airy action shows modeled on such hits as *Magnum, P.I.*, *Simon & Simon*, and *Scarecrow and Mrs. King*. These prototypes have imparted some valuable lessons for the fall:

Crime Fighting Can Be Fun. TV's glum professionals, from Sergeant Joe Friday to Lieut. Kojak, have given way to a new breed of lighthearted crime fighters, very '80s guys and gals who read the riot act with tongue firmly in cheek. The wisecracks are often tossed back and forth between a pair of mismatched partners, but these folks can laugh in the face of death too. (A cop on ABC's new *Hawaiian Heat* says to his buddy, who has just been lowered by helicopter to save his life: "Nice of you to drop in.")

Never Trust the System. Despite a conservative, law-and-order frame of mind, TV's new crime fighters are profoundly skeptical of the law-enforcement establishment. Virtually every series hero is either a private detective or a fiercely independent cop at odds with his or her by-the-book boss. In NBC's *Hot Pursuit*, a law-abiding married couple are even forced to go on the lam, *Fugitive*-style, to solve the murder for which she has been wrongly convicted.

Cars Can Fly. This year, as in the past, few TV hours will go by without a high-speed auto chase involving vehicles with the uncanny ability to defy gravity in picturesque slow motion.

As adherents to the formula go, NBC's *Hunter* is probably the most entertaining of the newcomers. Former N.F.L. Defensive End Fred Dryer stars as a Clint Eastwood-style police detective who is teamed up with an equally independent female cop (Stephanie Kramer). Producer Stephen Cannell (*The A-Team*) knows how to poke fun at the genre without trashing it: after a high-speed car chase, a culprit drags himself, half dead, from under his demolished auto. Crouched in

front of the malefactor, Dryer deadpans, "Stop or I'll shoot."

ABC's *Jessie*, starring Lindsay Wagner as a police psychiatrist, wants to be taken more seriously. But in the original pilot, she helped track down a murderer-rapist with such amazing clairvoyance that even ABC was incredulous: the network fired the producers and hired crime-show veteran David Gerber (*Police Story*) to make the show more plausible. With Wagner, TV's former *Bionic Woman*, spouting unctuous psychobabble, that will be no mean feat.

For civilized crime fighting, Angela Lansbury is delightful as a mystery writer who solves whodunits in her spare time in *Murder, She Wrote* (CBS). And for a walk on the wilder side of law enforcement, NBC is offering *Miami Vice*. Shot in a gritty, *cinéma-vérité* style, the show has a good deal of hard-edged vitality. Still, one cop keeps a pet alligator for laughs and gets predictably surly when he is teamed with a transplanted New York City detective: "This is Miami, pal... and down here you're just another amateur!" Yeah, and *Miami Vice* is just another cop show.

If *Miami Vice* offers the grit, plenty of others will provide the glamour. Loni Anderson and Lynda Carter decorate a San Francisco detective agency in *Partners in Crime* (NBC). The gaudiest bauble on the fall schedule is ABC's *Paper Dolls*, a soap opera set in the New York City fashion world, with Morgan Fairchild doing a Joan Collins impression as the head of a modeling agency. The show resurrects almost all the show-business clichés (the "star" model spoiled by success, the naive newcomer, the demanding stage mother) and stirs them up for a season of soapsuds that will probably be mistaken for entertainment by a large audience. But *Paper Dolls* looks like Thomas Mann next to the vanities of *Glitter*, a Spelling comedy-drama set in the offices of a PEOPLE-like national magazine. If possible, the show seems even more retrograde than its prototype, Spelling's *The Love Boat*.

Spelling's more successful creation this season is *Finder of Lost Loves* (ABC), starring Tony Franciosa as the head of a detective agency that tracks down old flames for heartsick lovers. In its jaded way, this show may have come up with the perfect recipe for TV success: detective-show intrigue, the wishes-can-come-true appeal of *Fantasy Island*, a paternalistic and caring professional and a nonstop spate of romantic reunions. Watch it, enjoy it, and hate yourself in the morning.

Viewers looking for a revival of the situation comedy this season will be disappointed. Precocious children have multiplied at a frightening rate. *Who's the Boss?* (ABC) stars Tony Danza as a live-in housekeeper for a divorcee and her young son; *Charles in Charge* (CBS) features Scott Baio as a college student who rooms with a family of five. Viewers who can tell them apart may move on to *It's Your Move* (NBC), with Jason Bateman as a teen-age cross between Dennis the Menace and Sergeant Bilko. And in *Punky*

Brewster (NBC), an insufferably cute seven-year-old (Soleil Moon Frye) moves in with a crusty old photographer (George Gaynes). In an era when TV comedy is being geared to younger and younger audiences, this may be the first show to qualify as a crib toy.

The best of the comedy crop may turn out to be NBC's *The Cosby Show*, starring Bill Cosby as an obstetrician with a lawyer wife and four children. The veteran comic brings his relaxed charm to the familiar domestic problems. And if the tois do not exactly qualify as realistic, they at least seem to inhabit this solar system. Meanwhile, Elliott Gould has been hoodwinked into a misconceived comedy called *E/R* (CBS), set in a wacky hospital emergency ward. Gould's anarchic persona has been straitjacketed with tired gag lines, and the show's attempt to mix laughs with medical traumas is gratefully out of kilter.

In this sea of sameness, little deviations from the norm start to look like monumental achievements. One such pleasure is *Dreams*. Make no mistake: this half-hour "comedy with music" about a struggling rock band in Philadelphia is TV's effort to grab the *Flashdance* crowd. But it has an invigorating, big-city ambience, the dialogue is hipper than usual, and the young performers are appealing, especially Valerie Stevenson as a rich girl who sings her way into the band.

Another enjoyable diversion comes from Michael Landon, who has transferred his homespun morality tales from *Little House on the Prairie* to a modern setting in *Highway to Heaven* (NBC). Landon, who is both executive producer and star, portrays an angel who travels around doing good deeds while spouting homilies about old-fashioned values. "Who's your boss?" demands a cynical ex-policeman (Victor French). "God," Landon replies with disarming candor. Anyone who can say that with a straight face in prime time must be guided by more than the Nielsen ratings. *Highway to Heaven* has the ring of sincerity, a rare and refreshing thing on TV. Besides, the ex-policeman becomes Landon's human sidekick, and he is the only cop this season who drives under the speed limit.

—By Richard Zugli



Fairchild, center, grooms her *Paper Dolls*



An early lift-off for Nelson's *Call to Glory*

TV catches the rock beat: Stevenson, second from left, and pals in *Dreams*



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Music

Obscure Bits and Greatest Hits

From Strauss to Schumann, surprise and reassurance

Summer is almost over and the fall concert season draws near; music is in the air. Here are six discs of orchestral and pianistic showpieces to ease the transition and whet the appetite.

STRAUSS: Also Sprach Zarathustra; Macbeth (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, conductor; Deutsche Grammophon). Who could have predicted that a tone poem based on Friedrich Nietzsche's notions of the death of God, the will to power and the rise of a superman would become one of symphonic literature's greatest hits? Yet long before Director Stanley Kubrick popularized its spectacular organ and brass apostrophe in 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, Strauss's blazing essay in orchestral virtuosity ranked high in audiences' esteem. Maazel and the Viennese give this mettle tester a commanding reading, capturing the grandeur of its arresting introduction, the suaveity of its incongruous waltz and the enigma of its bitonal ending. The rarely encountered, frankly Wagnerian tone poem *Macbeth*, Strauss's first attempt in the genre, makes an appealing, generous bonus.

PROKOFIEV: No. 5 (St. Louis Symphony, Leonard Slatkin, conductor; RCA). Prokofiev's most popular symphony requires an accomplished orchestra with strings and woodwinds able to negotiate the Russian's tricky, sassy writing, as well as a brass section prepared to blast away with dignity when the time comes, as it often does. It also needs a conductor with an ear attuned to its harmonic piquancies and piston-engine rhythms. Slatkin and his crack orchestra, who are evolving the most exciting orchestral partnership since George Szell transformed the Cleveland Orchestra about 30 years ago, have what it takes in full measure. They impressively realize the score's biting sardonicism and icy beauty.

DVORAK: Serenade for Strings, Op. 22; Czech Suite, Op. 39 (Orchestre de Chambre de Lausanne, Armin Jordan, conductor; Erato). Dvořák is best known for his last three symphonies (including the inescapable "New World") and his omnipresent *Cello Concerto*, but many have long admired his smaller works. The *Czech Suite* brims with rustic high spirits—it includes a polka, a *sousedka*, or "neighbors' dance," and a dashing furiant—while the *Serenade for Strings* is a five-movement study in country-squire elegance. Jordan, a Swiss conductor who came to general attention leading the

score—and portraying Amfortas—in Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's 1982 film *Parsifal*, draws refined, elegant performances from the Lausanne Chamber Orchestra.

BRAHMS: Piano Concerto No. 1 (Pianist Emanuel Ax, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, James Levine, conductor; RCA). The

culmination of Brahms' early style, the D minor concerto began life as a sonata for two pianos; ever the perfectionist, Brahms transformed it into a symphony before finally discovering that what the music really wanted to be a piano concerto. This rawboned yet ardently romantic piece gets a grand reading from Ax and Levine. But they never get so concerned with profundity that they forget that it is, after all, the work of a 25-year-old still finding his way. Particularly in the spirited finale, the performers revel in the concerto's fresh, youthful passion.

RACHMANINOFF: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 4 (Pianist Zoltán Kocsis, San Francisco Symphony, Edo de Waart, conductor; Philips). The middle pair of Rachmaninoff's quartet of piano concertos are both well known: the romantic second, in C minor, is probably the most popular (it is the source of the '40s pop song *Full Moon and Empty Arms*), and the brooding D minor is not far behind. But the bookends are regrettably obscure. The *First Concerto*, written when the dour Russian piano virtuoso was 18, has a dash and optimism that soon disappeared from his music. Such sunny qualities are almost entirely absent from the *Fourth Concerto*, a mournful, introspective work that features as its slow movement a set of variations on a melody that sounds like, of all things, *Three Blind Mice*; along with the *Third Symphony* and the *Symphonic Dances*, this is one of Rachmaninoff's most adventurous, modernist scores. Kocsis, a young (32) Hungarian blessed with a strong, dramatic technique, plays both works brilliantly, and De Waart, whose speciality is Rachmaninoff, provides sympathetic support.

SCHUMANN: Kinderszenen, Arabesque; BRAHMS: Capriccio in B minor, Three Intermezzos; Rhapsody in G minor (Pianist Ivan Moravec; Nonesuch). It is hard to understand why Moravec is not better known. The Czech pianist plays with impeccable technique and taste, but his resolutely unflashy style has never been quite to the taste of the American public, which prizes pianistic fire eating. Moravec, 53, has been performing more in the U.S. lately, and his admirers hope he wins through live performance the recognition that aficionados have long awarded him on the strength of his early recordings. This disc ought to help. Moravec's *Kinderszenen* is delicately evocative of Schumann's magical scenes from childhood, and his *Arabesque* is spun of the finest pianistic gold. The Brahms pieces are by turns bold, strong, tender and virile. A distinctive voice in a seemingly endless parade of cookie-cutter virtuosos, Moravec deserves to be ranked among the foremost pianists of the day.

—By Michael Walsh



Sally and Rita talk about their most important "supporting" roles.

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Sally explains how easy it is to sign up for a supporting role

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Photo by Glenn Edwards



Milestones

MARRIED. Glenn Close, 36, effortless-appearing actress of stage (*The Real Thing*) and film (*The Big Chill*, *The Natural*); and James Marles, 47, venture capitalist; both for the second time; in Nantucket, Mass.

HOSPITALIZED. Salvador Dalí, 80, eccentric Spanish surrealist painter who in recent years has lived as a recluse in his castle near Cadaqués, in Catalonia; for surgery to treat severe burns received when his canopied bed caught fire; in Barcelona.

DIED. Irvin Feld, 66, hard-driving impresario who in 1956 rescued the foundering Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus from ruin and eleven years later bought it outright and thereafter ran it extravagantly and profitably; of a brain hemorrhage; in Venice, Fla.

DIED. Adam Malik, 67, eloquent, energetic Indonesian Foreign Minister from 1966 to 1977 and Vice President from 1978 to 1983, a founding father of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations and one of the region's most respected statesmen; of cancer; in Bandung, Indonesia.

DIED. Ernest Tubb, 70, the "Texas Troubadour," pioneer of honky-tonk country music and pillar of Nashville's *Grand Ole Opry* since 1943, whose many hits included *I'm Walking the Floor Over You*, *Waltz Across Texas and Tomorrow Never Comes*; of emphysema; in Nashville.

DIED. Arthur Schwartz, 83, Broadway and Hollywood composer who with his chief lyricist, the late Howard Dietz, wrote some of the most sophisticated show tunes of the '30s, including *Dancing in the Dark*, *Something to Remember You By*, *You and the Night and the Music*, *By Myself*; and later, and perhaps most memorably, the show-biz anthem *That's Entertainment*; in Kintnersville, Pa.

DIED. Liam O'Flaherty, 88, powerful and prolific Irish novelist and short-story writer, whose tales of desperate men, failed traditions and spiritual torment (*The Black Soul*, *The House of Gold*, *Famine*) combined brutally modern realism and wild lyricism; in Dublin. His best-known work, *The Informer* (1925), was filmed three times, most notably in 1935 by John Ford and starring Victor McLaglen.

DIED. Josyf Slippy, 92, Roman Catholic Cardinal since 1965 and exiled leader of Ukrainian Catholics; in Rome. Imprisoned by the Soviets for 18 years, he was released in 1963 in a conciliatory gesture by the Kremlin to Pope John XXIII. But Slippy remained unhappy about the Vatican's *Opuscoli*, including its openings to the subservient Russian Orthodox Church. He campaigned publicly for the creation of a Ukrainian patriarchate, with himself at its head, and was bitter that both Paul VI and John Paul II denied him that out of deference to East-bloc relations.

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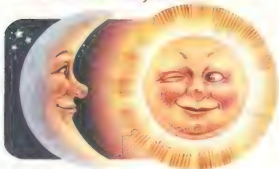
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Books

She-Soldiers and Acid Tongues

THE WEAKER VESSEL by Antonia Fraser. Knopf, 544 pages, \$19.95

"Women, like our Negroes in our western plantations, are born slaves, and live prisoners all their lives," declared the anonymous author of *An Essay in Defense of the Female Sex*. Lady Antonia Fraser confirms this low appraisal of the state of many 17th century Englishwomen. But not all. Her indefatigable and lively research shows that a number of spirited females refused to get along and go along with a loveless marriage, contracted with an eye on a dowry and followed by a dozen children.

"Our sex is not much valued in our age," Cary Verney, a lady of the Restoration court, lamented. The playwright Aphra Behn concurred. The 17th century's female model, she said, was "that dull slave call'd a Wife." Among her fellow rebels, Fraser reports, were she-authors, she-preachers, even she-soldiers, as well as stubborn widows, unruly prostitutes and acid-tongued ladies of the court.

While examining the period for her earlier books, *Cromwell: The Lord Protector and Royal Charles: Charles II and the Restoration*, Lady Antonia must have amassed an exhaustive file under some such heading as "17th century women: the great exceptions." She sets it all out stylishly here in a sprawling documentary. The index lists the names of more than 550 women, most of whom, in one way or another, refused to play the game.

Curiously, the she-soldiers seemed to have aroused the least disapproval in the male. The Calvinist Lady Ann Cunningham was a formidable warrior for Scotland, riding at the head of a troop of horses with a case of pistols attached to her saddle and daggers at her girdle. It was the "learned woman" that terrified both the learned and unlearned men around her. The prevailing opinion, according to the 17th century writer Hannah Woolley, found that a woman was "learned ... enough if she can distinguish her husband's bed from another's."

For a man, education was a prized experience. For a woman, it was frowned upon as "the drug called learning." How could a woman be "modest" if she knew too much? Above all, education increased a woman's vocabulary, and one thing a 17th century man could not abide was a talking woman, whether the speech came salty and profane from the fishwives of Billingsgate or gentle and saintly from Quaker

women testifiers, "prattlers" for Christ.

What a ruckus the women raised, despite the ideal of demure silence! In 1643, in the midst of civil war, as many as 6,000 women marched on Parliament "to cry for Peace, which was to the women a pleasing thing." Off and on throughout the century, dairymaids would form an "Amazonian" mob to protest against en-

Excerpt

At the marriage of William Herbert and Anne Russell in 1600, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the traditional masque followed: 'delicate it was to see eight ladies so prettily and richly attired.' Mary Fitton, a lady-in-waiting, led the masquers. [She] went up to the Queen and 'wood her to dance.' The Queen asked Mary Fitton what allegorical character she represented; Mary Fitton replied that she was Affection. 'Affection!' said the old Queen. 'Affection is false.'



closure of the land where their cattle grazed. The militants armed themselves with scythes and pitchforks, and on one occasion threatened to burn the houses, drown the servants and cut off the head of one of their oppressors, a certain Captain Thomas Lovell. "It was only the intervention of 'a gentlewoman' who happened to be passing," reports Lady Antonia, "which dissuaded the women from their violent course, otherwise they would have

done the captain 'some great mischief.'"

By articulateness, by immodesty, by fighting the stereotype, the bolder women circumvented their destiny. Actress Nell Gwynn moved up from selling oranges in the stalls to take advantage of the warrant of 1660 that allowed Englishwomen for the first time to play themselves onstage. She then advanced herself further by bearing a child to Charles II. This son of the orange wench was created a duke. A whore's life, Fraser is led to conclude, may be misspent without being necessarily wasted.

Margaret Poulteney, a young widow secure in her handsome inheritance, spoke for others in her situation as well as herself when she voiced the ultimate declaration of independence: "None in the world can call me to account for my actions." But even the strongest women tended to preface their shows of strength by confessing themselves the "weaker vessel." Perpetual acknowledgment of her own fragility, Fraser writes ruefully, "was one way ... in which a clever woman could avoid disapproval."

The exceptional woman was forced to assert herself against all the odds. Annual pregnancy was the general rule; contraceptives were not widely introduced until the 18th century. Until then, couples relied on recipes—marjoram, thyme, parsley, the juice of the herb savin—that did little good. A study of aristocratic women suggests that 45% died before 50, one-quarter of those in childbirth. If perpetual pregnancy did not do a woman in, smallpox well might. Life expectancy was 35. If a 17th century woman should survive to old age, she was in danger of being taken for a witch. In a 1648 treatise, John Stearne explained witchcraft as a woman's game on the ground that females are more "revengeful" than men because of Satan's "prevailing with Eve." Such reasoning ensured that any rise in the standing of women could only be partial and restricted.

Fraser thinks the 17th century woman's limited emancipation crested in mid-century, when Oliver Cromwell shook the established ways of English society. By the end of the century the punishing cycle of a woman's life and the pendulum of history had swung women's status back to just about where it was 100 years before. But in the meantime, women had talked. Women had thought for themselves. In Fraser's phrase, history held the door open briefly and, as we who read the 17th century with 20th century eyes know, nothing was ever quite the same again. —By Melvin Maddocks

Conflagrations

A WEED FOR BURNING

by Conrad Detrez

Translated by Lydia Davis
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
258 pages; \$13.95

The title is ironic: the unwanted plant is the author. All his life, Conrad Detrez, 48, has been inflamed by credos and causes. The Belgian youth became an ardent mystic and prepared for the monastic life at the Roman Catholic University of Louvain in the 1950s. A few years later he was a lay missionary in Brazil. There he was appalled by the misery of the masses he had come to inspire with the message of Christ. Soon he had become a follower of Marx and Che Guevara and a guerrilla fighting with the Communists. Eventually he was tried and convicted as a subversive and deported back to Eu-

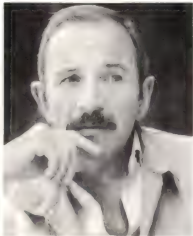


PHOTO: DEBERRY

Conrad Detrez: failed revolutionary

A landscape of subtropical disillusion.

rope. A naturalized Frenchman, Detrez was appointed a cultural attaché to the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua by France's Socialist government.

Before he turned to this semiautobiographical novel, Detrez published two fragmentary accounts of his pious Catholic boyhood and a pamphlet defending guerrilla warfare titled *For the Liberation of Brazil*. Out of this unpromising welter of religious and political rhetoric there has emerged the wholly unsuspected, a writer of genuine promise.

Young Conrad, the hero of the novel, grows up in a Belgian village in a home overrun with luxuriant potted plants. The hothouse upbringing keeps him devout, unworldly and suppliant. At a Catholic school he yearns to become a saint. Tormented by sexual feelings, he admits to his spiritual adviser that "two flies had landed on the page of one of my treatises and were fornicating and I didn't stop them." Conrad makes up for his lustful thoughts by committing holy books to memory and praying for the conversion of

atheists. His confessions become so monotonously pure minded that his adviser feels certain that "the plant of lust in me had been well and truly desiccated." He is ready for the priesthood.

At the Catholic seminary in Louvain, however, Conrad is unsettled by the fierce theological disputes that follow in the wake of the Second Vatican Council of 1962. When a confused fellow seminarian from Brazil quits before ordination, Conrad follows him into the secular world and, ultimately, to Brazil. In Lydia Davis' evocative translation, the pages Detrez devotes to Rio de Janeiro's celebrated carnival constitute a showpiece of brilliant costumes, seductive rhythms and collective madness. On occasion, the prose becomes as overheated as the event: "Three million men and women ... shouted, drank, pinched one another, capered about and formed snakes of dancers that rolled up, unrolled, circled around a boy or a girl, squeezed him tight, touched him, aroused him, and then went off." But the scenes of guerrilla fighting and police repression are more persuasive than any pamphlet or videotape sent from either side of the South American struggles of politics and faith.

For decades, the landscape of subtropical disillusion has been so identified with one writer that it is commonly referred to as Greeneland. But Graham Greene's burnt-out cases are rapidly being replaced by Latin American protagonists and European figures who have a fresher story to tell. Detrez is still an unfinished writer, and he lacks the craft and polish of his great predecessor. But he has a sense of the appropriate image and the right valedictory tone.

Back at home, Conrad is once again engulfed in vegetation grown rank with lack of care. "With my hands," he recalls, "I made a breach in the thick curtain of asparagus ferns that tumbled down from the top of the wardrobe and floated like puffs of smoke between the floor and the ceiling." There, amid the old green plants that recall a painting by Henri Rousseau, he reflects upon the failures of religion and revolt. Fortunately for the writer of these bitter meditations, his current fiction has proved more promising than his past careers.

—By Patricia Blake

Sci-Phi

IMAGINARY MAGNITUDE

by Stanislaw Lem

Translated by Marc E. Heine

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
248 pages; \$15.95

Many readers are ashamed to admit that they could not or did not finish a book. These unfortunates may take comfort from the latest flight into the cosmos of science philosophy (or sci-phi) made by Polish Fabulist Stanislaw Lem. It seems that the day is coming when publishing will proliferate past the vanishing point; individual volumes will be obsolete before

they reach the binders, and turning pages will be a literal waste of time. "Are we not threatened with a flood of information?" Lem asks. "Such vastly multiplied content in collision brings no credit to thought, but rather its destruction."

Imaginary Magnitude offers a whimsical way out of this not so improbable dilemma: an "Anthology of Introductions" to books that will probably be compiled but certainly not read in the future. Take *Necrobes*. Please. The collection features 139 reproductions of the work of Cezary Strzybisz. His art is achieved with the aid of an X-ray camera. Foreworded is forewarned: "What Strzybisz has captured within the leaden diaphragm of his lenses is the most obtusive, licentious, audacious form of sex: group sex. It has been said that he wanted to deride pornography, that he gave an accurate reading of it (one reduced to its bare bones), and that he has succeeded since these bones, clinging to one another in a puzzling geometrical arrangement,



Stanislaw Lem: Polish fabulist

Combating a flood of information.

suddenly—and eerily—leap into the eye of the beholder like a modern dance of death with gamboling, spawning skeletons."

Relieved of the obligation of looking at these photographs, the reader can smartly proceed to skip *Eruntics*, the monumental work of one Reginald Gulliver. He, as a few people will some day know and then immediately forget, is the one who teaches bacteria to communicate in English. An introduction to his accomplishment more than suffices: "The description of experiments which occupies later chapters of *Eruntics* is unbelievably boring by virtue of its pedantry, prolixity, and continued interlarding of the text with photographs, tables, and graphs which make it difficult to digest." A five-volume *History of Biotic Literature* is conveniently boiled down to prefaces from the first and second editions. They trace the evolution of the computer from a programmed and hence "unthinking" machine into a dazzling array of autonomous intelligences, producing unbidden works of literature, "bitic texts which in varying

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A close-up photograph of a man in a white dress shirt reading a newspaper. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. The background is dark, making the man and the newspaper stand out. The word 'Satin' is printed in large, gold, serif font at the top of the image.

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degrees are *unintelligible* to humans."

Before his controlling joke ("prefaces that lead nowhere") wears thin, Lem concludes his fictional anthology with a series of pseudo-documents that seem to have a middle and end as well as a beginning. GÖLEM XIV is the last in a line of increasingly super computers developed to monitor the U.S. interests in peace or war. Unfortunately, it has grown indifferent to this task, and so has HONEST ANNIE, its superior and supposedly foolproof successor. Says one of the commentators on this debacle: "In a word, it had cost the United States \$276 billion to construct a set of luminal philosophers." GÖLEM lapses into total silence but leaves behind several lectures in which it puts *Homo sapiens* in an unflattering light ("After its early mastery, Evolution got bogged down in bungling"). The computer may ultimately be right. But for the time being, in *Imaginary Magnitude*, an entertaining and intelligent mortal has the first word. —By Paul Gray

Editors' Choice

FICTION: The Engineer of Human Souls. *Josef Skvorecky* • Imaginary Magnitude. *Stanislaw Lem* Machine Dreams. *Jayne Anne Phillips* • Something Out There. *Nadine Gordimer* • Tough Guys Don't Dance. *Norman Mailer* • A Weed for Burning. *Conrad Detrez*

NONFICTION: Bloods. *Wallace Terry* The Chronicle of the Lodz Ghetto, 1941-1944. *Lucjan Dobraszycki*. Editor • The Death Merchant. *Joseph C. Gouldner* • Josephine Herbst. *Elinor Langer* • The Weaker Vessel. *Antonia Fraser* Writers at Work. *George Plimpton*. Editor

Best Sellers

FICTION

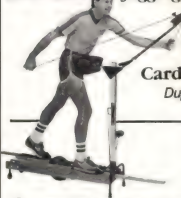
1. The Fourth Protocol. *Forsyth* (2 last week)
2. First Among Equals. *Archer* (1)
3. Lincoln. *Vidal* (6)
4. Job: A Comedy of Justice. *Heinlein* (4)
5. "... And Ladies of the Club." *Santmyer* (3)
6. The Butler Battle Book. *Seuss*
7. Tough Guys Don't Dance. *Mailer*
8. The Aquitaine Progression. *Ludlum* (9)
9. The Mikro. *Lustbader* (7)
10. Full Circle. *Steel*

NONFICTION

1. Loving Each Other. *Buscaglia* (2)
2. Eat to Win. *Haas* (1)
3. Nothing Down. *Allen* (3)
4. Zig Zigar's Secrets of Closing the Sale. *Ziglar* (4)
5. What They Don't Teach You at Harvard Business School. *McCormack*
6. Bridge Across Forever. *Bach*
7. The Kennedys. *Collier and Horowitz* (5)
8. Pieces of My Mind. *Rooney* (9)
9. In God's Name. *Yallop* (6)
10. Creating Wealth. *Allen*

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Cinema



Martin and a female finger in *All of Me*

Split Personality

ALL OF ME

Directed by Carl Reiner

Screenplay by Phil Alden Robinson

Roger Cobb (Steve Martin) has this lit-
tle problem: the spirit of a dead woman
inhabits and controls the right side of
his body. The semitranssexual dilemma is
no miracle of genetic engineering but
rather a goof-up of Oriental mysticism.
Seems that Roger, a 38-year-old lawyer
drifting through a mediocre career and
toward a no-thrills marriage with the boss's
daughter, was named executor of the es-
tate of Edwina Cutwater (Lily Tomlin),
one of the world's richest, coldest, frailest
and ditziest women. Edwina had engaged
the services of a swami, sect undeter-
mined, to transfer her mind and soul at
the moment of death into the healthy
body of Terry (Victoria Tennant), the
daughter of one of her servants. Then,
damn the luck, the sacred urn containing
Edwina's essence fell out of a window and
onto Roger in the street below. The left
side of his body and mind is still male, still
Roger, and not a little vexed at having to
share the place with an uncongenial new
tenant, the right side is prissy Miss Edwi-
na, determined to relocate in Terry's body
and find a fulfilling life at last.

At this stage in his career, Steve Mar-
tin has a little problem too. In the '70s he
was a stand-up-comic sensation. A dream
of all-American vacuity with his careful
coif, phosphorescent white jacket and
conventionally handsome features, Mar-
tin came on like a silly Robert Redford, a
would-be stud not quite as gorgeous or
with it as he thought he was—but lots fun-
nier. When Martin turned to feature films
(with *The Jerk* in 1979), the challenge was
to transfer the soul of this character, this

smart dumb guy, into the svelte body of a
comic-movie hero. It has not always been
a snug fit. In *Pennies from Heaven* he was
gung-ho but overwhelmed by the musical
machinery; in *Dead Men Don't Wear
Plaid* he got lost in a clever construct of
old movie clips. By the time *The Man with
Two Brains* came out, Martin's stand-up
audience had deserted him. A pity: they
missed a small, funny film that provided,
in its *Frankenstein* plot of a surgeon in
love with the body of one woman and the
brain of another, an '80s allegory of man's
quest for Ms. Right.

All of Me continues this Manichaeon
probe. More important, it gives Martin his
best movie chance yet to spotlight his bra-
vura brand of physical comedy. Watch Ro-
ger/Edwina attempt to walk down the
street, or go to the bathroom, or make love;
each move is a sublime display of schizo-
phrenic coordination. Watch right-side
Edwina take control in a courtroom, as
left-side Roger falls asleep and the ever-
feminine Edwina moves "their" body in a
grotesquely macho strut. The actor's chal-
enge is impossibly complicated—Steve
Martin playing Lily Tomlin playing Roger
Cobb—and beautifully realized. The rest
of *All of Me* is no tour de farce; some jokes
are missing, others misfire, and the visual
style is deadpan and pedestrian. But Tom-
lin gets laughs and poignancy from a char-
acter who for most of the film is visible only
when Roger looks in a mirror. And Martin
vaults to the top of the class with his bra-
zen, precise performance. This one goes in
the time capsule.

—By Richard Corliss

Excess Baggage

LOVE STREAMS

Directed by John Cassavetes

Screenplay by Ted Allan and

John Cassavetes

Of all the women who have given up at
least a portion of their careers for
marriage and children, Gena Rowlands
may have got the best deal. For her hus-
band John Cassavetes makes small, eccen-
tric movies almost entirely comprising
sublime (or would-be sublime) actor's mo-
ments that he parcels out among family
and friends. In recent years he has seen to
it that his wife gets a very fair share of
these. The result is that with such pictures
as *A Woman Under the Influence*, *Minnie*
and *Moskowitz* and *Gloria* she has had an
opportunity vouchsafed few mainstream
actresses (these days: she has been allowed
to create a true screen character.

Vulnerable, brave and loopy—a lan-
quid paradigm of middle-age despera-
tion—this creature is again on glorious
display as Sarah in *Love Streams*. In it,
Cassavetes also creates an answering
male character, Sarah's brother, who has
taken up womanizing in an attempt to
ward off the chill he feels gathering in his



Cassavetes and Rowlands in *Love Streams*

bones. It is not an entirely successful char-
acterization, partly because such males
have become a cliché, but mostly because
Cassavetes, the obsessed film maker, does
not really understand certain less exalted
obsessions that may distractingly come
upon a man. His character neither fully
focuses nor finally explodes.

Rowlands' Sarah does. She is a wom-
an of excess, whose efforts to rid herself
of that quality are, needless to say, marred
by excessiveness. She loves her husband
and daughter to pieces, and when we meet
her at a divorce hearing she is sweetly,
distractedly explaining that she cannot be
too precise about times and dates when
her mate can visit their child; they have
this busy schedule flying about the coun-
try, visiting sick and dying relatives. Lat-
er, trying to forget her troubles by touring
Europe, she is undone by excess baggage.
Naturally Landing finally at her brother's
place, she decides that the cure for his
glum raffishness must be pets on whom
he can practice a responsible form
of loving. Forthwith, she goes out and
buys a menagerie of ducks, a goat, an affa-
ble neurotic dog and a pair of miniature
horses that trot, puzzled but agreeable,
through the house. It is as she tells her
psychiatrist: "I'm going to get my bal-
ance. Then I can go back to being ob-
essed with my family."

When she is not present there are—a
familiar problem with Cassavetes—too
many approximations of a scene's emo-
tional point, too many claims on an audi-
ence's indulgence. Yet no matter how far
the mind strays, one never feels safe in
letting it slip away completely. You can
let it slip when Rowlands is going to do
something astonishing. It is the unpre-
dictable grace and goofiness of her behav-
ior, the subtle complexity of emotions she
generates, that finally overcome all obsta-
cles to enthralment.

—By Richard Schickel

SHOULD THE REASSURANCES OF BUYING THE RIGHT CAR COME FROM THE CAR ITSELF OR THE APPROVAL OF OTHERS?

It isn't easy to buy a Saab.

Other cars offer the reassurance of status. Or the security of practicality. Or the image of performance.

The reassurances that come from buying a Saab, on the other hand, come mainly from the car itself, as perceived by the buyer.

The right car should tell you about itself.

If you view a twisty road as a challenge, a Saab will stimulate you with the poise of its front-wheel-drive traction and the grip of its 15" Pirelli radials.

If, on the other hand, you view the same road as a potential hazard, a Saab will calm you for precisely the same reasons.

The Saab fuel-injected, two-liter engine accelerates in a manner that puts many alleged symbols of performance to shame.

The Saab APC Turbo engine leaves some of them positively mortified.

Its seats will help keep you alert and untired after hours of driving. Its controls are laid out to keep you well-informed about your Saab's relationship to driving conditions.

A Saab's structure will communicate its integrity to you over every jounce and pothole in the road.

A Saab communicates all these things to you without shouting to the world that it is a performance car or a luxury car of eminent practicality.

The right people will tell you about a Saab.

There has always been a hard core of Saab followers who've appreciated Saab's unique design philosophies.

But today there are a lot more people in it. One reason for this growing acceptance might be that in the 27 years since the first Saabs pulled themselves onto American shores with front-wheel drive, just about every other carmaker has followed suit with front-wheel-drive cars of their own.

It might be that Saabs don't happen to look that different anymore.

It's possible that Saab's idea of using turbocharging for maximum performance from minimal fuel has taken root in the collective psyches of the public.

Whatever the reasons, in some circles, Saabs have become rather fashionable.

So that today, if you look for them, you will actually find other people who will approve of your purchase of a Saab.

Not that that, as you know, should ever be a reason for buying one.



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*Saab 900-5 speed APC Turbo. EPA 23 estimated city, 38 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with load, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Saab's range in price from \$11,100 for the 900-3 door 3-speed to \$17,400 for the 900-4 door 3-speed APC Turbo. Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.



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FADE IN. INTERIOR. HOLLYWOOD OFFICE.

HOWIE HIP, 24, a movie mogul who worked his way from Harvard to the William Morris agency mail room to the head of a major studio in just under three weeks, sits behind an expansive desk. He is screaming into the telephone.

HOWIE: Two million for that has been? What do you think this is, the Salvation Army? His last movie did bubkes. The guy gets 40 grand, all of it deferred. This is war. Call me when you get smart. (He slams down the phone.)

DISSOLVE TO EXTERIOR. DESERT. DAY.
Howie, now clad in camouflage fatigues with matching loafers, crouches behind a cactus cradling a gun. A figure tips out from behind a rock 30 ft. away. **Howie** fires: a pellet of red paint splatters across the man's chest.

HOWIE: You're history, creep! Don't mess with **Howie Hip**. SLOW FADE.

In the town where life imitates screenplays, business resembles B war movies. Every morning baby moguls strap themselves into their BMWs and zoom off to

war battle and make deals at the studios. But this elite corps has a more literal field of combat. The most dangerous game in town these days really is a game. Called *Survival*, it is a simulated war exercise like Capture the Flag in which players use paint-shooting guns to "eliminate" the enemy. First popularized in New England, each game lasts no more than an hour; the victors must win two out of three.

Every other weekend a brigade of up-and-cunning Hollywood talent—including Adam Fields, vice president of production for Ned Tanen; Actor Emilio Estevez; Barry Josephson, a personal manager; John Tarnoff, an independent producer; Jeff ("Mad Dog") Kanew, director of *Revenge of the Nerds*; and led by International Creative Management Agent Jeremy Zimmer—troops off to the rugged brush of the Palmdale desert about an hour's drive north of Los Angeles. There in their camouflage fatigues, they plot strategy and generally run around shrieking and shooting like underfed versions of Sylvester Stallone in *First Blood*. Says Ron Rotholz, an assistant to Law-

rence Gordon, president of 20th Century-Fox: "*Survival* is the name of the game in Hollywood. The game is a smaller version of the dog-eat-dog world of show biz."

On one recent Sunday morning the 17-man Hollywood squad is competing against a team composed of non-Hollywood types. They assemble on the boulder-strewn, ravine-lined battlefield. Most smear camouflage makeup on their faces. The wiry, cocksure Fields does not: "I want them to see who kills them." He can taste it. "I'm ready," he deadpans. "I strangled my neighbor's dog this morning. He was only a mutt." A referee in the center of the field distributes to everyone a pistol, holster, carbon-dioxide cartridges, goggles and brightly colored "elimination" vests for those who are shot. Before departing, the referee warns the weekend warriors to be wary of rattlesnakes. Under his breath, Kanew sneers, "You have to distinguish between the snakes in the field and the ones who come to play."

The contest begins as "General" Zimmer commands six players to guard the flag and orders two attack squads to seize the enemy's standard. At first, all is silent save for the desert wind whipping through the brush. Then the defenders spot an infiltrator 40 ft. away. Rotholz opens fire. Splat. "I got him. I got him," he yells. Meanwhile, three of the Hollywood 17 penetrate their opponents' defense and grab their flag. First round to Hollywood. Much gloating follows.

The second round also goes to Hollywood, when a wiry production executive grabs the flag while under fire and sprints back to his own lines as Mad Dog Kanew supplies blood-curdling war whoops. Even though they have clinched victory, General Zimmer gives his troops a pep talk before the third game. "We'll stay back and ambush them, get into the car and go home to work. We haven't made any deals yet today, have we?" His men growl with anticipation.

All the participants agree that their on-field behavior mirrors their off-field style. Says Zimmer: "We love competition. We love action and tension. All the guys I know in this business work all week, all weekend. Doing the job is a rush, and the *Survival* game is a concentrated rush." They take the game seriously, themselves slightly less so. Even Mad Dog, who says, "To me this is just playing cops-and-robbers or cowboys-and-Indians." Hmmm. An idea.

INTERIOR. HOLLYWOOD OFFICE. DAY.

HOWIE (on the phone): It's high concept. A bunch of young moguls play this simulated war game every Sunday, and suddenly it turns ugly when a frustrated screenwriter packs a real pistol and shoots his agent. I'm talking blockbuster. —By Richard Stengel. Reported by Denise Warren/Los Angeles

What is the FCC doing to improve cordless phones?

They've just authorized 10 new 46/49MHz channels to help reduce interference.

Before you buy a low-priced cordless telephone, you should know what's been going on in Washington. Because the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) has just doubled the number of channels available for cordless phones. These changes will make many of the old, less expensive 17/49 cordless phones seem obsolete.

What causes interference usually associated with lower-priced cordless phones?

- Other cordless phones
- AM radio signals
- Current fluctuations in house wiring

What does this interference sound like?

- Humming
- Buzzing
- Disruptive signals from other phones

How do the new FCC-approved 46/49MHz channels improve cordless clarity?

- Increased number of channels reduces odds of sharing the same channel with another cordless phone.
- Cross-channel interference is reduced.
- The chance of frequency saturation is reduced.

Who is the first company to make use of the FCC-approved channels?

- Uniden Corporation of America. The cordless phones using the new channels are known as the 46/49 Series Extend-A-Phones® (the only full line of 46/49 phones available).



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The Clearer Cordless

Uniden Corporation of America, 200 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10166

Jack Nicklaus



What has Uniden® done to increase security?

- Developed a system called AutoSecure™ that prevents unauthorized use of phone lines.*
- Added digital coding on selected units providing up to 256 codes to prevent false ringing and increasing billing protection from other cordless telephones.*

What changes has Uniden® made to improve sound quality?

- Receivers have been improved for cleaner audio.
- Audio circuitry has been upgraded for crisper sound.

What are some examples of convenience features on the new 46/49 Series Extend-A-Phones®?

- Pulse/Tone switching for MCI/Sprint† access.
- Memory dialing.
- Speakerphones.
- Mute key.

- Redial.
- Cancel key.
- Intercom.
- 1000 foot cordless calling range (depending on local conditions).

I understand the new phones will cost more. What are some reasons for this?

- Developing any new technology costs more.
- Adding higher quality audio components adds to production costs.
- Incorporating top-quality features comes into play in pricing.

How soon will the new 46/49 Series Extend-A-Phones® be available?

- All phones are available now. To see the new models, visit any nearby Uniden® dealer.

*Security features vary by model.
†Sprint is a registered trademark of General Telephone & Electronics.
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Theater



Billie Neal, Lynne Thigpen, Karen Sederholm and Charlotte Maier trip the night fantastic

Strutting in the Lower Depths

BALM IN GILEAD by Lanford Wilson

In the realm of today's performing arts, energy is an overvalued coin. Its name is invoked to trumpet every gonadal excess from heavy metal to slasher movies. It is used as a populist club to pulverize the old elitist verities: grace, wit, precision, proportion, coherence. No walking of the fine narrative line for the apostles of anarchy, whose police-siren song goes like this: Wake up, pal! Get out of your fusty drawing room and hit the streets! The Aristotelian unities are dead! Modern life is chaos, and this time around, art is life set to a whumping backbeat that never lets up. When society has fallen apart, don't pick up the pieces, just admire them where they fall.

Energy—atomic, unharnessed, virulent—abounds in Chicago's Steppenwolf Theater Company revival of *Balm in Gilead*, the Lanford Wilson dope opera that was first produced in 1965. The set may depict a grungy, all-night coffee shop on Manhattan's Upper West Side, but it soon takes on the sulfurous glow of the lower depths: a rush-hour subway car, say, some time during World War III. Junkies, hookers, drag queens, derelicts, gamblers and hit men rub up against Joe (Danton Stone) and Darlene (Laurie Metcalf), a couple too amiable or dense to survive the Nighttown scene till morning. "They every one of them steal," one denizen grumbles, and steal they do: money, drugs, a cup of coffee, a shred of strutting self-respect, another minute of free-for-all banter before collapsing in sleep or death.

Stage-managing the zooparade is a strung-out addict named Dopey (Gary Sinise), who looks and acts like a guerrilla refugee from the Twilight

Zone. Sinise is one of the founders of Steppenwolf, an admirable community of switch-hitting theater folk in business for a decade and lately receiving wider acclaim for their Manhattan transfers of Sam Shepard's *True West* and C.P. Taylor's *And a Nightingale Sang*... The director of *Balm in Gilead* is John Malkovich, who now seems on the springboard to stardom with his roles in Broadway's *Death of a Salesman* and the film *Places in the Heart*. In his liberal adaptation of Wilson's text, Malkovich has shown some up-front ingenuity: spotlighting or freeze-framing a conversation, orchestrating the Ivesian symphony of invective, offering instant replays of the climactic murder. But chaos still reigns. It is as if the frat brothers from *Animal House*, instead of Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, decided to put the show on right here.

Actors love to appear in this kind of play, whether it is a tattered valentine to eccentricity like *The Time of Your Life* or a dopers' tone poem like *The Connection* or this dated, indifferent travelope through the seventh circle of hell. An actor can both inhabit his character and stand outside it, flashing signals to the audience that say, "I'm not really this low-life,

but it's fun to pretend." Perhaps that is why the audience at off-Broadway's spacious new Minetta Lane Theater, where *Balm* moved last week after a successful run at the Circle Rep, looks to be enjoying the play a bit too much for its own good. They are sharing not a drink of human dregs but a celebration of show biz in all its volcanic, specious theatricality. Such are the seductions of energy. —By Richard Corliss



Sinise as Dopey

Sexes

Big Thoughts About Small Talk

Ralph and Wanda explore male and female conversation

Ralph: Wanda, look at this phone bill! Has A T & T misplaced some zeros, or did you spend all last month jabbering with far-off friends?

Wanda: None of the above, Ralph. But I must admit you have put your finger on yet another important sexual difference. Women spend far more time on the telephone than men do, even when they have relatively little to say.

Ralph: I am a wily husband, dearest. Do not try to get around me by taking my role in this script.

bad when you bluster about this, by the way. In her book *Intimate Strangers*, Therapist Lillian Rubin says the husband's anger about his wife's use of the phone is absolutely standard in the American household. She thinks that men feel so abandoned when their women are on the phone that it reawakens the male's dependence on Mommy. Don't bother to protest, Ralph. I don't believe it either.

Ralph: This conversation is an amazement, Wanda. Do you intend to speak all my lines?



Wanda: I wouldn't think of it, Ralph. Studies show that males are brief, almost abrupt, on the phone. Once in a while you all blab endlessly, telling knock-knock jokes and so forth, but on the whole, men use the phone like a telegram. This may be because you like to make a show of being terribly busy, or because, by female standards, you are all emotionally constricted. Probably some combination of the two.

Ralph: Getting to the point is not a character flaw, dearest. Why is it that the less a woman has to say, the longer she will stay on the phone to say it?

Wanda: Once again there is a rough truth behind your insult, pugnacious one. Researchers Mark Sherman and Adelaide Haas of the State University of New York at New Paltz found that women are almost three times as likely as men to make a phone call when they have nothing special to say. Women use the phone to work at friendship. You shouldn't feel

Wanda: Unfeminine, isn't it? Let us plunge on. We know that men hate to talk about emotions and the psyche. That's why psychology is regarded as a low-prestige, "female" occupation at many colleges. We know that males are far more likely than females to talk about sports and politics, and would practically fall silent nine-tenths of the time if those subjects were out of bounds.

Ralph: How about those Cubs? A helluva team.

Wanda: We know that women work harder at conversation. They ask far more questions, partly to keep the conversation going, partly to placate the male, who tends to control the conversation.

Ralph: You mean like I'm controlling this one?

Wanda: A California researcher taped 52 hours of conversation by three middle-class couples and found that women brought up twice as many topics as men

but that males controlled the talks by vetoing subjects they didn't want to discuss. The men achieved this, the clever dears, by grunts and long silences. Out of desperation, the females asked three times as many questions as men and started larding their comments with the interjection "you know." For the average woman, having a civil conversation with a male is like playing tennis with a partner who is asleep.

Ralph: Certainly this is harsh, dearest one. Last week when you were puzzled about what went wrong between you and Doria, didn't I pitch right in and suggest that you call her up and confront her?

Wanda: Very manful and direct, Ralph. And all wrong. Sherman and Haas say this is a standard husband-wife conversation that ends with an angry wife. The woman states an emotional problem, and one-tenth of a second later the man says, "Here's what ya do..." That's not why wives raise these issues with husbands. They want emotional support and a good listener, not instant advice.

Ralph: Is there no hope for men?

Wanda: Probably not in our lifetime. In her 1981 book, *Women and Men Speaking*, Sociolinguist Cheri Kramara reports that 466 men and women termed male speech "forceful, dominating, boastful and authoritarian." Female speech was characterized by both sexes as "friendlier, gentler, faster, more emotional, enthusiastic and trivial."

Ralph: We can always try harder to be trivial. How do you like my new socks?

Wanda: Most of the studies conclude that dominance runs through male conversation with women. The kibbutzim of Israel were supposed to embody the ideal of sexual equality. But Anthropologist Lionel Tiger, in research for his book *Women in the Kibbutz*, found that men talked for three-quarters of the total time at town meetings. The only time women talked more than men was when the topic was curtain-making. The point is...

Ralph: What else do we do wrong?

Wanda: You interrupt. Studies at the University of California at Santa Barbara show that men interrupt women all the time. When two men or two women are talking, interruptions are about equal. But when a man talks to a woman, he makes 96% of the interruptions. But...

Ralph: These people have nothing better to do than study interruptions?

Wanda: ... but women make "retrievals" about one-third of the time. You know, they pick up where they left off after the man...

Ralph: Surely not all men are like that, Wanda.

Wanda: ... cuts in on what they were saying. It seems...

Ralph: Speaking as a staunch supporter of free speech for women, I officially deplore this, Wanda.

Wanda: I know, Ralph. I know.

—By John Leo

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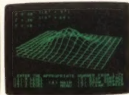
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